THE NORTHERN TRIBUNE

MOST WIDELY READ HOME PAPER OF THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY---"LAND OF HOPE AND BEAUTY"

Section Two | Monkman Pass Special Edition | Grande Prairie, Alberta

The Monkman Pass Highway



MONKMAN LAKE
On the Monkman Pass Highway. A gem of the Rocky Mountains and as beautiful as Lake Louise.

Peace River Country's Shortest And Best Route To The Sea

M.P.S.

Rycroft

IMPORTANT RAILWAY POINT
Distributing To Most Prosperous Farming District

NOT so many years ago Rycroft was non-existent. There was only some bush country not far from Spirit River that was being opened to homesteads. To lay there is a thriving little hamlet, with three elevators to take care of the grain production of the district and a freight terminal to show its importance. As an evidence of its permanency in the latter regard, a large water reservoir was built here by the railroad two years ago. Besides general stores, garages, and other places of business, Rycroft boasts, with reason, of the most beautifully built dance hall in the Peace River country. Social life is important in a new country and the residents of this district have realized that. In fact, the people of Rycroft district are building a firm foundation for permanent living there. They are making their homes good, for they have faith in the district and its future.

Today upwards of 300,000 bushels of grain are shipped annually from the elevators at Rycroft; and land is still being broken to the plow, so that this amount will increase yearly. Stock shipments are improving too. The land is fertile, the pasturage fine, and small fruits grow wild in abundance. Gardens flourish and crop failures are unknown. There is everything to make life worth while if—and a big IF—there was a coast outlet; and no better one for this district could be found than that proposed through the Monkman Pass and actually started. There is already a good road between Rycroft and Grande Prairie to the south, and from there it is a most direct route through the mountains to the coast. If produce could go out that way instead of the long way via Edmonton, and if other products could come to us from Vancouver along the same route, what a difference it would make to this district.

Back in 1910 the railroad ended at Spirit River and was all set to go straight west through the mountains for the coast outlet, but that line never materialized and Rycroft started to grow when even the most optimistic had given up the idea that it would ever be built. It wasn't built on speculation, but on the good earth and its yields. A progressive, wide-awake community are bending every effort to make the district as productive as possible, so that when the outlet does come they will be prepared. They even have a tannery, which is a great boon.

To them the Monkman Pass is the most important movement in the Peace River country at present. It is something concrete after years of hopes and promises. It is being built by hard-working men like themselves who believe in doing a thing instead of theorizing about it. It will bring them and their products directly to the coast without going the useless and expensive way back to Edmonton. It will bring their needs directly to them at reasonable prices and provide them with a welcome variety in food at less cost. It will open up a wealth of beautiful scenery for their holidays so near that all can take advantage of it. It will bring new homeseekers to their district and help to spread the fame of their town.

In short Rycroft and district are solidly behind the Monkman Pass Highway project and what it stands for.

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"We'll Build Our Own Road"

So they won't give us an outlet to the sea! Very well, we'll build our own, said Peace River's pioneers---and got at it!

By Gertrude Charters

(Reprinted from Maclean's Magazine by kind permission of its publishers.)

LEFT ABOVE: Section of Monkman Highway cut through virgin bush. Known as Jackpine Avenue.

BELOW: Monkman (white shirt, facing camera) and other road workers.

Pictures furnished by Maclean's Magazine

WHILE repairing the "King's Highway" near Hansard, B.C., on the afternoon of August 17, 1937, the road crew were startled to see five bearded, ragged men, their wet clothing plastered to their bodies, emerge suddenly from the thick bush near the road. Shouldering their axes, these tattered specimens advanced with the jaunty swing of conquerors, a light of triumph gleaming in their eyes.

"Where did you fellows come from?" asked the roadmen.

"Why, we come from the Peace River country. We have just finished blazing a trail through the Monkman Pass to connect up with your highway here to Vancouver," was the proud answer of their leader. He had reason to be proud. His name was Alexander Monkman and at last his pass was coming into its own.

"Well, for Heaven's sake!" said the men. "What next will the Peace River country do?"

That unanswerable question still hangs in the air.

While the kindly road boss supplied the strangers with clothing and a meal—for they had subsisted on a little flour during the previous three days—they told their story. They were the vanguard of an army of peace, from the country of the Peace, who, unable to obtain an outlet to the Pacific by any other means after more than a quarter of a century of vain hopes, had suddenly decided to build one themselves. It was a story without parallel in the annals of Canada—the valiant attempt of a handful of determined pioneers to build a highway through 132 miles of foothill and mountain lands over the pass which they believed to be the easiest, most direct and feasible for the entire Peace River country.

The history of the Peace River country, that "last great West," is inextricably bound up with the unfulfilled hopes of the settlers, now numbering more than 80,000, for an outlet to their natural port on the Pacific Ocean. Situated roughly 400 miles north and west of the city of Edmonton and only 750 miles from Vancouver, this vast inland empire, comprising millions of acres of rich and proved agricultural land, besides wonderful coal deposits and other untapped natural resources, was developed wholly on the strength of promises made by railway promoters and governments that a railway outlet to the Pacific would be built "next year." From time to time the promises were renewed.

The pioneers who braved the nightmare of the "trail," taking from three weeks to three months to make the trip with ox-cart, covered wagon or sleigh before the advent of the railway in 1916, came because the Canadian Northern survey had been completed, a charter granted and bonds sold to construct a line from Onoway on the main line through the Grande Prairie district to Hog Mountain and thence to the Pacific. These bonds were guaranteed by the province of Alberta and actual construction was begun in 1913. At the same time, the Pacific and Great Eastern Railway was under construction to Fort George, now Prince George, with the definite promise to connect with the Alberta road at the boundary through a pass to be decided upon by a comparison of surveys. At the outbreak of war in 1914, the money having been diverted elsewhere, both undertakings were abandoned, the Canadian Northern having reached Whitecourt.

In the meantime the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway, its bonds also guaranteed by the Alberta government and its very name a promise of a coast outlet, was steadily pushing its line in a northwesterly direction from Edmonton, circling and winding to tap timber berths, it is true, but with a line surveyed from McLennan, 267 miles from Edmonton, to the B. C. border. This line stopped at Spirit River, although actually graded 55 miles west to Pouce Coupe, intending to cross the Rockies at the more northerly Pine Pass. From Spirit River a branch line was built south to Grande Prairie, arriving in 1916. Another branch line ran from McLennan to the town of Peace River, and was known as the Central Canada Railway.

In 1919, due to the failure of the privately owned E., D. & B. C. (publicly known as the Eternally D—— and Badly Constructed), the Alberta government took over the road. In 1920 they leased it to the C.P.R. for six years. In 1926 they again assumed full control with working arrangements for its traffic operations with the Canadian National Railways.

In 1929 the various railways whose ownership weighed so heavily on the people of Alberta,—the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia, the Central Canada, the Alberta and Great Waterways and the Pembina Valley,—were purchased jointly by the C.P.R. and the C.N.R. A new company was formed, known as the Northern Alberta Railways, which still controls them.

During these years of varied ownership the E., D. & B. C. had gradually extended branch lines until by the fall of 1930 the Grande Prairie branch reached north and west to Dawson Creek in the B.C. Block and the Peace River branch extended to Hines Creek. Settlement had been very rapid and agricultural development surpassed all predictions. In 1924 the late Sir Henry Thornton, then president of the Canadian National Railways, on a visit to the Peace River country, declared that as soon as 10,000,000 bushels of grain or its equivalent in tonnage was produced the coast outlet would be built. In 1930 this quota was passed in grains alone, besides each year bringing large increases in stock shipments, but still no coast outlet.

The Peace River outlet has been the slogan of politicians not only in Alberta and British Columbia but even in Dominion elections. Premier Mackenzie King, in a speech in Vancouver in 1930, declared: "If the two railways (the C.P.R. and the C.N.R.) cannot agree on an outlet from the Peace River country, my government, if returned to power, will find a way to construct the road in six months."

On September 24, 1937, at a Board of Trade luncheon in Grande Prairie, Sir Edward Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific, when asked about the coast outlet, said:

"Personally, I have always felt that a rail outlet from this country is inevitable, but I am afraid we will have to wait until such time as the financial situation is sufficiently secure to warrant the expenditure necessary to connect this country with Vancouver . . . . You are a patient people . . ."

In the meantime these "patient people" have had to ship their grain 400 miles backward to Edmonton, before it can begin its long haul to tidewater, paying disastrous freight charges all the way, when 188 miles of easy construction through the Monkman Pass would connect them with the C.N.R. at Alexa Lake in B.C., less than 600 miles from Vancouver. Freight charges are added to everything they consume. They motor 1,400 miles to see the Pacific when the completion of 132 miles of easily constructed highway through the same pass would bring them onto hard-surfaced roads an hour's ride from Prince George, 500 miles from Vancouver.

One evening in the fall of 1936 a group of pioneers who had braved the Grouard, Peace and Edson trails twenty-five or more years ago and who now travelled these same trails in speedy motor cars, were discussing, as usual, the outlet. There was Alex Monkman, who arrived in '97; Art Smith, John McNaught, Crosbie McNaught and J. O. Johnson of the 1908-09 trek, and Alex Watt, son of pioneers, all of whom located at or near Lake Saskatoon, which later became famous as the home of the Wheat King—not to mention oats, peas, grass and barley kings.

"When we came into this country," they reminded each other, "we didn't wait for someone to build us a paved highway. We cut and dug and slashed our way in and the railways and highways followed. We've been going at this thing backward. Where would the C.P.R. be today if its promoters had listened to the same advice we are getting? They laid their rails across a thousand miles of prairie when there wasn't a bushel of grain in sight. This is the age of motor transportation. If we can't get a railway, let's cut ourselves a road through the Monkman Pass."

A meeting was arranged for October 30 at Halcourt and a working organization known as the "Monkman Pass Highway Association" was formed. Its purpose was "To build or promote the building of a highway through the Monkman Pass to a point at or near Prince George, by interesting governments and securing capital for such an undertaking." And so the project was launched with enthusiasm. The originators became the executive.

During the winter of 1936-37 meetings were held throughout the Peace River country. The idea was

(Continued on Page Three)

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Adventure In The Monkman Pass

Three Eighteen-year-old Boys Have the Time of Their Lives In the Monkman Pass Country

AS WRITTEN BY THE BOYS THEMSELVES

Last summer three Grande Prairie High School boys—Clarence ("Red") Anderson, Bob ("Kelly") Wright and Pete Eagar—did something most boys long to do; they went adventuring into the wilds. Not one of them is a millionaire, nor even the son of a millionaire, so they employed neither guide nor camp cook and did their own outfitting; but no party of plutocrat hunters ever had a better time. However, let them tell about it in their own way, as follows:

Which of you have never felt the thrill of adventure? Can you imagine the thrill that swept through us, three eighteen-year-old high school-boys, at the thought of making a trip all by ourselves into the heart of the Rockies?

We had always been interested hearers when any guide or hunter related his adventures in the wilds, and it was our ambition to some day make a trip into the mountains and shoot a record big horn sheep, the most coveted of all big game trophies; or possibly lay a grizzly bear low as he came charging out of his hiding place.

We had long heard of caribou steak and moose liver smothered in onions. How our mouths watered as others told of these mountain banquets! But little did we think that our dreams would materialize so quickly.

During the winter a great deal of campaigning for the building of the Monkman Pass Highway was done and we were thrilled by the stories Alex Monkman told of his adventures in the mountains and of the great variety of game in the Monkman Pass. He told of sheep, goats, caribou, moose, deer and bear in abundance; of snow-capped peaks rising high above the clear blue mountain lakes, and madly racing streams and rivers filled with trout of three kinds as well as grayling.

It was then that we decided we would make a trip through the Monkman Pass if possible and see this wonderful country before the highway was put through.

After Christmas we began collecting all the information we could in regard to packing supplies, horses and guns from all the trappers, guides and hunters with whom we came in contact. Early in June we pieced together our information and found that we needed six horses—three pack and three saddle—and supplies for a month.

The first difficulty was the horses. It was rather beyond our resources to hire six horses, but with some difficulty we were able to get hold of one of which was an old pack horse—and when we say old we mean 35 years old. We needed three pack horses, so it was decided that we should have a saddle horse between the three of us and walk two-thirds of the time.

We then purchased our supplies which were to last for one month and took them to Russ Walker's farm in Halcourt, which was our starting point. We then borrowed pack saddles and on July 5 took three of our horses to Russ Walker's and after a day of checking over supplies and fixing panniers we were ready to start for the Monkman Pass on July 7, equipped with two rifles, a .22, lots of fishing equipment, three pack horses and saddle horse, and supplies for a month.

We travelled an uneventful forty miles and reached Little Prairie, where the Monkman Pass Highway crew were camped, and the next day moved with them to Kruger's Flats, at the junction of Stony Creek and the Red Willow River. We had passed through very sparsely settled territory covered with small poplars and had no difficulty in reaching Kruger's Flats. Here we stopped for half a day and after supper played softball with the road crew. We knew many of the men working on the road and had a very good time.

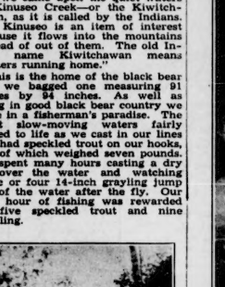
The next morning we set out for Stony Lake, of which we had heard so much. We were forced to camp before reaching the lake because of the number of trees that had been blown over the pack trail. We had travelled through green jackpine and had shot our first game with the .22—three willow grouse. We were camped at the foot of Lone Mountain. We climbed to the top after supper and our efforts were rewarded by the sight of a bull moose in the valley below.

After leaving Lone Mountain we passed through pine forest for a number of miles and then emerged into a section of the country which had been swept by fire some years before. Here we saw tracks of moose, deer and bear, and saw the fresh tracks of a large grizzly which followed the pack trail for about three miles. We were in the foothills and just as the sun was sinking into the snowclad peaks we topped a low hill to see the deep blue waters of Stony Lake stretched out before us. To add the finishing touch we gazed at its beauty, and the reflections of the snowy peaks in the water reminded us of the pictures we have seen of Lake Louise. This beautiful little lake, nestling in the pass, received its name from the Stony Indians, who used to hunt along its shores.

Here we spent two days exploring the country and came across a "salt lick" to which the animals came to wallow in the mud and eat alkali. We shot a moose and dried what meat we could not carry fresh. The east shore of the lake is very stony, but as we travelled west along its shores the country changed and we travelled in muskegs. At the west end we found a very large salt lick, where the ground had been lowered about three feet by the wallowing moose, deer and caribou for a space of about one hundred yards square. The spring running into this large mud bath kept the entire "lick" just like a large bowl of mud.

As we left the lake behind us we travelled on alder ridges fringed with jackpine. The hills began to rise higher on either side of the pass and we came upon the quiet waters of Kinuseo Creek—or the Kiwitchawan, as it is called by the Indians. The Kinuseo is an item of interest because it flows into the mountains instead of out of them. The old Indian name Kiwitchawan means "waters running home."

This is the home of the black bear and we bagged one measuring 91 inches by 94 inches. As well as being in good black bear country we were in a fisherman's paradise. The quiet slow-moving waters fairly leaped to life as we cast in our lines and had speckled trout on our hooks, one of which weighed seven pounds. We spent many hours casting a dry fly over the water and watching three or four 14-inch grayling jump out of the water after the fly. Our first hour of fishing was rewarded by five speckled trout and nine grayling.



CLARENCE ("RED") ANDERSON AND THE BEAR HE SHOT

This picture gives a bare idea of the amount of game in the country, according to the boys.

After a three-day stop we moved on westward along the Kinuseo to the Cameron cabin, where we had a swim in the icy waters of that same creek. Here we were overtaken by a trail-blazing crew headed by Alec Monkman and a crew that was to clear the pack trail. Before this we had to cut away any windfall that had blown over the trail and were now glad of an opportunity of travelling over a trail that had been opened up.

That night we stopped at a place called the Big Spring, given its name because of a large spring that empties its waters out of the side of a very steep hill about two hundred feet above the level of the floor of the pass. This is a large spring and water gushes with great force out of a hole in the side of the hill about five feet in diameter. The water is ice cold and as clear as crystal. As we came up to the springs there was a bull moose wallowing in the mud of the creek at the foot of the mountain, but he soon vanished from sight in the small trees that grew along the bottom of the mountain.

The next morning we set out for Kinuseo Falls on the Murray River. We had heard a great deal about these falls and were very anxious to see them. Before reaching the Murray River, however, we passed through the Green Bowl. This is a very beautiful little valley surrounded by cliffs, with only the entrance and the exit passable to horses. The grass of the valley, which covers about ten acres, is kept very green by the spring which feeds the small creek that runs through. A great many flowers grow here and lend an air of contrast and beauty to this little bowl-like valley nestled in those gaunt, grey granite cliffs.

We also passed along the top of the cliffs which entirely surround "Shooting Lake." The lake, which is given its name because of the reverberating sound that is continually heard from the top, is fed by springs and has no outlet. It is about two hundred feet below the level of the walls around it and these are almost perpendicular.

We then passed out of a rock canyon on to a grassy glade dotted with large pine and spruce trees. From this place we could hear the mighty roar of the Kinuseo Falls and soon found ourselves looking down onto the rushing waters of the Murray River. At Kinuseo Falls are some little distance off the pack trail, we did not stop to see them on the way up but continued on along the bank of the Murray River to the forks of the Slate and Monkman Rivers, where these join to form the Murray.

The Murray is indeed a picturesque stream, with stately pines and spruce flanking its course and the mountain peaks rising up on either side. There are islands at intervals and game abounds in this region.

We forded the Slate River at the forks and camped for the night, after a delicious supper of trout, bannock, rice, macaroni, and stewed apricots.

The next day we left the Murray and the Slate and followed the Monkman River. As we travelled along the Monkman River the trail became more hazardous and the pass narrowed. At one point we were forced to travel down a very steep wall of rock into the river and then follow the river for about a hundred yards before we could get around a sheer precipice.

On one occasion, looking through field glasses, we were able to see goats grazing on the side of a mountain on the opposite side of the river. Other kinds of game were plentiful.

As we neared Monkman Lake the course of the river became broken by falls and rapids, and snow-capped peaks rise on either side of the river. One of these peaks we gave the name of Castle Mountain because the top resembles the turrets of a castle. The country becomes rougher and rockier and the Monkman River plunges over 14 falls, ranging from 35 to 75 feet, in the course of ten miles. At one of these falls, where the grazing for our horses was good, we camped for half a day and fished. A short distance from camp a large spring tumbled down the side of the mountain and its roar mingled with that of the falls below.

Beneath the falls in the river we caught 17 bull-trout in the space of half an hour. We used plain hooks baited with square chunks of pork. It was very thrilling to see five or six trout strike at the hook at once, and sometimes all would miss it.

As we pushed on further up this mighty river the country became very rocky and we had great difficulty in keeping on the pack trail and would often stumble across it at intervals because there is no way of marking it on the rocks. The pass became quite narrow and the snow fields loomed close around us.

In one particular spot we spent a few moments of deep anxiety over the safety of our horses when they slid off the trail into large crevices in the rocks. Two of our horses were stuck in crevices at once and had we not been travelling with the Monkman outfit at the time we might not have been able to get them out and would have been forced to shoot them. However, the horses seemed to suffer no ill-effects and we reached Monkman Lake.

This is a very picturesque mountain lake nestled in the snowclad peaks on the very summit of the pass. It is surrounded by stately spruce and pine. The country surrounding this lake is one of the best hunting regions in the pass and abounds with all species of game. The elevation here is about 3,200 feet in the pass, but some of the peaks bordering the pass rise to 7,000 feet.

It was during our stay at Monkman Lake we decided to do some mountain climbing and see if we couldn't shoot a caribou. We set out about 11 o'clock with our rifles and a little lunch and climbed above the timber line on the northeast side of the lake. Here we saw signs of goat, bear, caribou and moose, but we were unable to get a shot at any caribou. We had field glasses with us and as we sat looking down at the lake we noticed something walking out into the lake and upon focussing the glasses on it we found it was a moose. It swam about half a mile across a bay of the lake. At one time we were able to distinguish five moose and a caribou at various places along the shore.

As we were about to return to camp we came across a deep game trail and decided to follow it a short distance. We had not gone far when we noticed something coming around a bend in the trail about 300 yards away. We ducked into the low bushes and to our surprise and delight a huge timber wolf walked up to within 20 yards of us. It was rather disappointing to see him bound into the brush when a hasty shot struck wide of its mark.

When we reached camp after dark we were tired but very pleased with our explorations.

While exploring the lake we came across a mineral deposit containing copper, gold and silver, but we found that it was not valuable enough to warrant mining. These were never any dull moments; we always found something interesting. We were greatly suprised to find wild geese on the lake. They had nested there and the young were able to fly.

We then made a trip to the summit of the pass, about five miles on the other side of Monkman Lake, and it was here that we succeeded in shooting a huge 10-point moose, with which we replenished our greatly diminished food supplies.

When we looked these supplies over, we found that they would last only for four or five days, so decided to start for home at once. We had taken nine rolls of films and were saving two rolls for the journey home and to take some pictures of Kinuseo Falls.

Our first stop on the return journey was at the ford on the Slate River. We camped for the night, and on crossing in the morning found that the river had risen six inches since we had crossed last. We had very little experience of fording streams and got a great thrill out of crossing such a large river.

We pushed on to Kinuseo Falls and arrived at nearest point to which we could take the pack horses towards evening and after making camp we scrambled over windfall and cliffs until we finally emerged at the foot of the falls and there stood spellbound.

The mighty Murray plunged over a 210-foot cliff and dropped into the foaming waters below. It was a sight that will long remain in our memories.

Below the falls a large whirlpool eddies and boils, and as we watched huge trees, carried in its course, were being ground to splinters. The spray rose high over the water and drenched our clothes like a heavy rain.

We went reluctantly back to camp and the next morning again visited the falls, and this time we had fish hooks. We found that the river was full of fish below the falls and spent the rest of the day taking pictures of the falls, fishing and rafting on a crude raft in the river above the falls.

As we viewed the falls for the last time that night we were again struck by its picturesque beauty as the dying rays of the setting sun cast prisms of color in the rushing waters and cast double rainbows in the spray.

The next morning we set out for home with still greater speed, as our supplies were getting seriously low. Upon reaching the Cameron cabin, however, we replenished our supply a little from a cache left there by the trail blazers, having been told to take what we needed if our grub was low. Along the trail we were able to shoot blue and willow grouse and spruce hens.

We reached Stony Lake with only a cupful of rice, a few apricots and some beans and tea. Our flour, sugar and other supplies were gone, and the next morning we had one spruce hen and some cold bannock for breakfast.

We soon reached the Monkman Pass Highway Association's road camp and there bought some flour, sugar and other necessities, so the rest of the journey passed rather uneventfully. We stopped at Kruger's Flats for one day and then went on to the Big Slough.

"The last day our horses got away just as we got up and we had to ride about eight miles on the one horse left in camp to get them. We travelled about forty miles and we were tired and hungry when we reached Walker's to end a glorious trip.

We had been gone for 34 days and had travelled over all but 40 miles of the Monkman Pass route. We had seen more game than we had ever seen before, as well as having caught three kinds of trout. Our fish stories hold their own with the best of them, and the funny part of it is that ours are true.

We had travelled over the route of the proposed highway to see for ourselves whether or not a road could be built and we were not only struck by the ease with which a highway could be built but also by the remarkably fine bed that such a road would have. It would pass entirely over gravel and stone and cross only one river. This highway would pass through some of the most picturesque of the Rockies and as well as being easy to build it will be a real practical asset to this country.

And as we look back over the trip, again we see the awe-inspiring sight of the Murray River plunging over a 210-foot wall of rock, sending showers of spray to catch the rays of light and reflect them in hundreds of sparkling colors; again we see beautiful blue green waters of mountain lakes, in whose cool depths are reflected the snowy peaks and dark green trees along their shores. Again we feel the thrill of hunting the mighty moose and coming face to face with wolf and bear. It was indeed an adventure that will long dwell in our memories.



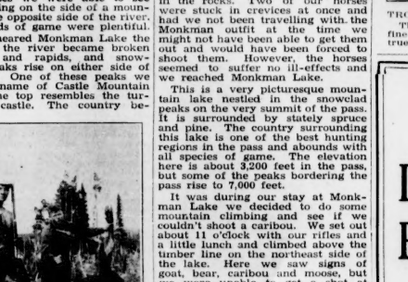
KINUSEO FALLS

"At the foot of the falls we stood spellbound. 'The mighty Murray plunged over a 210-foot cliff and dropped into the foaming waters below. It was a sight that will long remain in our memories. Below the falls a large whirlpool eddies and boils, and as we watched, huge trees, carried in its course, were being ground to splinters. The spray rose high over the water and drenched our clothes like a heavy rain."

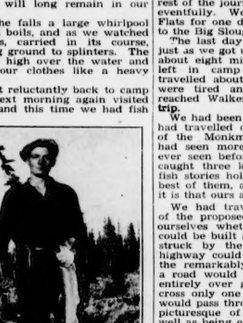


BOB ("KELLY") WRIGHT AND PETE EAGAR

After considerable wrestling they managed to put Mr. Moose on his back, but not on theirs.



A FINE MESS OF TROUT FROM MONKMAN CREEK



TROUT FROM KINUSEO CREEK

The boys say they have some fine fish stories—and all of them true!

"WE'LL BUILD Our Own Road"

(Continued from Page Two)

not new. Ever since the discovery of the pass by Alexander Monkman in 1922 a road through it had been the talk of settlers. It was low, the summit being 3,550 feet—almost the same level as the city of Calgary;—easy of construction, the valley being wide and level, the soil gravel and the streams, running over gravel beds, had no high banks. No ferry would be required and only one bridge of importance, at the McGregor River. Its scenic beauty was superb, Monkman Lake being comparable to Lake Louise; the Kinuseo Falls are 210 feet high, which is 50 feet higher than Niagara; and this road would open up a hunters' and fishermen's paradise. It was so conveniently placed that it might have been put there for no other purpose than to serve the Peace River country.

It would solve the problem of transportation, lower the cost of living, and bring a flood of tourists into the Peace River country. It would be the first coast highway—over the historic Cariboo road from Vancouver through the Fraser valley to Edmonton—to continue on to the East. It would shorten the distance to Vancouver by 700 miles and ever, bring Edmonton 300 miles nearer to the Pacific. Such were some of the claims of the promoters who promised to have a crew at work on the proposed road by June of 1937.

Failing to obtain anything concrete from government officials, the Association went ahead to raise funds. Donations were received in the form of membership, cash donations from individuals, municipal districts, boards of trade, etc. Merchants promised grub and equipment for the crew when work actually started. Men offered their services to work in the camps or in any other way. Dances, shows, sports and many little personal efforts went to swell the funds. And by the second week in June 20 men, armed with axes, picks, saws, etc., but without any costly machinery whatever, were at work cutting trail on the new highway. The trail blazer was Monkman himself, now in his 67th year, but still as straight and active as ever. The story of his discovery of the pass is the story of the man himself and an epitome of the pioneer history of the country.

As all but ten miles of the road cutting was to be in British Columbia, it was thought advisable to obtain the attitude of the province to the plan. An indefatigable feminine worker for the cause was in Victoria and she called upon the Hon. P. M. MacPherson, Minister of Public Works, last May.

"Do you mind if we cut a road through your province by way of the Monkman Pass?" she asked guilelessly.

"Not at all," laughed that official. "Go right ahead."

So the workers went right ahead. By the end of August they had cut sixty miles of road, eight feet wide, and reached Stony Lake. They had corduroyed small streams and odd patches of muskeg, cleared windfalls, cut through heavy stands of spruce as well as lighter poplar in pioneer style. Then work stopped for harvest.

Besides these workers there were two trail-blazing outfits which reached Prince George. In the middle of July the latter outfits started west. Except for Monkman, none of the men had ever been over the trail and he had taken the water route from the McGregor River. This time he intended to find a way overland from the river. When the first trail-blazing crew reached the McGregor River they were short of grub, so Art Smith started back with the pack horses. Alex Watt and Alf Cunningham decided to go on foot to the railway at Aleza Lake. They got directions for fording the treacherous McGregor but missed a portage and were swept into the rapids. It was a terrifying experience that almost proved fatal and turned one man's hair white. However, they made shore and arrived at Aleza Lake with one whole pair of shoes and pants between them. They were taken to Prince George and royally received.

The second trail-blazing party, under Monkman, secured a guide after fording the river and, with the aid of a compass, literally chopped their way through dense bush to reach Hansard, thus completing the overland blazing. They too received a welcome at Prince George.

On September 20 the first motor vehicle stood on the shore of Stony Lake. It was a two-ton truck with seven women and ten men who had made the trip over the newly-cut road without difficulty and were thrilled to find the terrain so admirably suited to easy highway construction.

By the first of October, harvesting being completed and the treasury again replenished, a crew of men went to Stony Lake to continue work as long as weather permitted.

During the past winter the drive for support was carried on. As early as possible this spring, with the impetus given by last year's success, the organization will be at work and, with luck, the enthusiasts hope to complete the preliminary road-cutting sufficiently for a truck to make the trip to the McGregor River.

At any rate, they have started something. While they still hope for Dominion or provincial government assistance to finish what they have started, whether they get it or not, NOTHING CAN STOP THEM NOW. They are going "On to the Pacific!"

THE INDOMITABLE PEACE RIVER

THE ENERGY AND RESOURCEFULNESS OF PEACE RIVER PEOPLE IN THEIR EFFORTS TO PROVIDE THEMSELVES WITH BETTER TRANSPORTATION TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD HAS AROUSED THE ADMIRATION OF ALL WHO KNOW THEIR PROBLEMS.

IT WAS JUST SUCH A SPIRIT THAT AROUSED THE WHEAT PRODUCERS OF ALBERTA TO WORK TOGETHER IN BUILDING ALBERTA POOL ELEVATORS, AN EXCLUSIVELY ALBERTA GROWER-CONTROLLED CO-OPERATIVE ORGANIZATION.

ALBERTA WHEAT POOL

Brief For The Monkman Pass Highway Project

Submitted to the People of Canada
By John McNaught, Secretary
Of The M. P. H. A.

PREAMBLE

You no doubt remember years ago the familiar figure of Jack Canuck, the clean-cut, serene-faced youth that seemed ever ready to face the world and the future with calm self-assurance. His figure is much less familiar now, but we imagine these years have left their marks. The hair may not be gray nor the figure bent, but surely the domestic bickerings within the Dominion family circle have deepened the lines on that once untroubled brow. Now it is a cry of protest against some injustice from the Maritimes. Next, younger prairie members, faced with the results of youthful extravagance, coupled with disastrous failures are clamoring bitterly for help. Insistent demands are continually heard from the western provinces. To these various pleas are added the harsh retorts of the central provinces. Surely one more voice, that of the Peace River country, can add little to this discord or bring an added frown to that careworn face.

Though not actually a member of the family group it has at least an individuality. The interests and problems that are vital to it are not shared by any other member. Its people suffer the disadvantage of being a minority. In the Alberta legislature three votes are heard among sixty-three; in British Columbia one in forty-three; while in the Ottawa house we have two in two hundred and forty-five. In none of these are the vital requirements of the Peace really essential to the electorate.

Now it is important for the state that a minority should receive consideration. That it does not is one weakness of a democracy. Where only numbers and influence count, sectionalism rather than fairness holds sway. With a Mussolini such a road would have been ordered built at a word. Yet, not for all the highways of Canada would we want a dictator. However, to avoid despair and exasperation a minority should always be considered.

To the residents of the Peace it has always been a matter of wonder just what was the matter with their outlet problem. What IS wrong with it? It has been flattered, flirted with, and even promised, but seems to lack the necessary IT to be seriously wooed by any political party. What does our cause lack that some other projects possess which have been embraced so readily? The matter of cost can mean little, as evidenced by the C.N.R. hotels and the Hudson Bay Railway, projects infinitely more costly. The matter of utility can have no appeal; there is no comparison between the need of this outlet as compared with terminal grain elevators at Halifax and Montreal or the new Vancouver bridge. The latter means a saving of some fifteen miles, ours a saving of fifteen hundred for perhaps an equal volume of traffic. To satisfy a popular demand is not always necessary, for the Omineca or Turgeon highway appropriations were made and approved before the districts of Prince George and Peace River were even aware of it, let alone demanding it. Of course, the Peace River country, being yet largely an agricultural area, may lack the financial support of backing its demands. However, it is the hope of the people of the North, as expressed in the Monkman Pass Highway Association, to make known the real merits of their cause, confident that it will find favor in eyes of the powers that be.

That these areas became settled in the first place and subsequently developed has been on the understanding of a direct outlet to the coast. This was of course to have been by railway, but as such hopes have faded and as other forms of transportation make it not so absolutely essential, the attention of the residents turned to a highway. At least it would be the opening of the western route. Better such a beginning than nothing at all. Recent developments have added to the force of this contention. The improvement and shortening of the Edmonton highway with the gravelling of the Cariboo road and its extension to Hansard, B.C., leave a gap of less than 150 miles. This together with the remarkable changes in motor traffic, both passenger and transport, undreamed of a few years ago, gives new significance to a highway.

To all Peace River residents it means a great deal. It cuts the motor distance between Grande Prairie and Vancouver from 1,500 to 950 miles. It offers a means of exchange of our products, such as seed and feed grain, for fish, fruit and lumber, as well as general merchandise. It offers the benefit of a tourist trade which with the existing one-way motor roads we have at present denied. It would mean instead of being the most remote and isolated of prairie dwellers we would have the most direct access to the coast and world markets.

To the western provinces, and the Dominion generally, it would mean a new and possibly the first non-ferry trans-Canada highway. It involves the least new construction, the least engineering problems and would be the most serviceable for traffic of any projected route. It would bring Edmonton less than a thousand miles from Vancouver and provide as short a route as any from the prairies to the coast. It would also make of the present one-way roads, that is the Cariboo Highway and the Edmonton-Peace River road an alternate tourist route, thus supplying what is most needed in western Canada highways.

Since the use of this pass has been advocated there have been several suggestions from outside sources. One is that through this pass will develop the most direct communication with the mining areas of the Mackenzie. Another is that it will form a link in the projected Alaskan highway. A recent proposal by some oil interests is that oil from the prospective Peace River oil fields be piped to the coast at Bella Coola by way of Monkman Pass.

These are some of the benefits to be derived from this project, and to achieve them is a relatively small undertaking. The portions of this route have already been built and are in use. Only a link remains to be connected up.

THE ROUTE

That a pass offering such advantages should have so long escaped attention seems remarkable. This is probably because access on both sides of the divide lies along insignificant tributary streams of the Murray on the east and the McGregor on the west, these themselves tributaries of still larger rivers. In 1795 Sir Alexander Mackenzie missed its approach by eight or ten miles. Featherstonehaugh, surveying for the Grand Trunk Pacific, was turned back by a snowstorm a few miles from its entrance in 1905. Before his return the Yellowhead had been selected or railway history might have been different. It remained for Alec. Monkman in 1922 to investigate and fully appreciate the possibilities of this pass. Only after much effort could he get recognition for his claims. Eventually it resulted in a survey by Mr. Murray Hill for the C.P.R. A later and more complete survey was made jointly by the two railways. This last report decidedly in favor of it from the standpoint of a rail outlet.

Nothing could be more favorable, both as to location and direction. It leaves the southwest corner of the Peace district and proceeds directly west and south to meet the C.N.R. and the Cariboo Highway at Hansard. It follows the open valleys of several small rivers and streams which form a direct and natural route throughout. The nature of these valleys offer a minimum of grades, ravines and bridges. An altitude of only 3,350 feet at the summit make it next to that of the Peace the lowest pass through the Rockies.

Those who have been along the route are enthusiastic about its beauty. Stony Lake in the foothills, Monkman Lake in the pass itself, with the series of cascades along Monkman Creek, are places of real beauty. Kiniaski Falls, where the Murray plunges over a 210-foot high cliff is one of the highest waterfalls on any large river in Canada. It is a greater height than famed Niagara. Passing between glaciers and snow-capped mountains, this pass has its share of real Rocky Mountain scenery.

THE ASSOCIATION

As year after year went by the pioneers of the Edson and Athabasca trails had many of them passed on without seeing the realization of their hopes. Other generations were getting on. Eager hopes gradually gave place to apathy and despair. As the details of the route became known more and more was heard the talk of getting busy—or, in other words, "Let's go." Discussions of methods, costs, and offers of donations, work, goods and cash became the order of the day.

It was in response to this that a meeting gathered at Halcourt October 30, 1936. Mr. Monkman was on hand with information. Due to circumstances only a dozen neighbors were present. Though numbers were small they unanimously accepted responsibility of going ahead, and an association was formed, as follows: President, C. McNaught, vice-president, A. Monkman; secretary, A. Watt. An initial executive was consisting of I. Lambert, Elmer Dahl, J. McNaught, Hugh Gingles, Wm. Liberty and W. L. Taylor was appointed. This was soon followed by a larger and more representative gathering from the surrounding districts. A full discussion of the situation and all possible means of procedure ensued. The aim of the association was simply to explore and follow up any and every possible means of securing this highway.

The executive appointed felt that before applying to any source from which assistance might be expected they would have to be backed by the force of a united and insistent demand from the entire Peace River area. To accomplish this it set about collecting all available data regarding the route to be traversed, the problems to be encountered, and the possibilities offered. Reports of travellers through the pass were collected, maps and reports from the government secured, also information regarding highways. Special maps were engraved and printed. These were distributed as well as published in both the local and outside papers, having a total circulation of over seven hundred thousand. Map contests were sponsored in the schools. Meetings were held in adjacent communities throughout the fall and winter, enlisting interest and support. Although storms and blocked roads made extension of this work difficult and too expensive, it was felt that at least all western Grande Prairie was familiar with the idea and staunchly behind it.

Although it was considered premature as yet to make a direct appeal for government action, still no effort was spared in keeping them informed of the country's need in this respect and what was being done. Beyond the confines of the Peace very little was generally known or cared about its problems or their solution. The claims of the Peace River might have to be much better known throughout all Canada before action could be expected from its representatives at Ottawa. Contacts were made wherever possible, correspondence maintained with all who might be of assistance. Association members, having occasion to be in Ottawa, Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria interviewed influential business men, heads of organizations and government members and officials. Much of this has since proved to be of great value. Members of both federal and provincial houses, also cabinet ministers, gave such assurance of support at that time as to justify proceeding with the project.

TRAIL CUTTING

From the outset it has been felt that direct action on the part of the people themselves necessary. Requests, petitions and delegations always had been and would still be futile. We could at least cut a trail through, prove our contention and be willing to at least share a portion of the cost. Failing government aid it would be a basis for working along the idea of a privately owned toll road. It was also frequently pointed out that most of the highways and trade routes of the west began as volunteer efforts on the part of pioneers. The support that has been accorded this undertaking throughout the country, as well as the approval of those in authority, seem to well justify this attitude.

Twelve volunteers, with tents, tools, teams and equipment, assembled at Rio Grande on June 11. On the 13th this party set out, making camp some ten miles southwest of Rio Grande. Here they started widening the existing trail, avoiding low spots and putting in culverts. From the boundary considerable new trail was cut, with some stretches of thick growth. This soon gave way to more open country. At the Big Slough a party of six farmers from La Glace arrived for two weeks donated work. This experienced help gave an added impetus to the work. With others arriving from time to time there was for a period a force of twenty. By September this party had reached Stony Lake, approximately fifty miles from the starting point, and with thinning under way, camp was broken up. Later a truck party from Sexsmith and La Glace put in a week or so improving the road so far cut. Meanwhile car parties vied with each other in following the trail-cutting each adding a few miles of new road to the record of the last. As a climax a truck load of seventeen people reached Stony Lake on September 20.

This, however, was not enough. It was soon evident that one season never would see the trail at Hansard. Crop prospects dwindled, contributions fell away. It was necessary to get something through and there were uncertainties as to the route that needed clearing up. Along the route the old pack trail was known, to have fallen into disuse. Windfall often blocked it and culverts rotted or gone. It petered out beyond the summit and toward Hansard, where travel is confined to rivers, the trail had never been defined. Ten men, pack horses and equipment set out, cleared the pack trail as far as the McGregor River. Owing to shortage of provisions and feed for horses the last twenty-five miles were covered on foot. This confirmed the feasibility of this last stretch, about which had been so much uncertainty.

The parties reaching Prince George by the direct route were what was needed to bring the people there to realize that we are neighbors, with only a door between that requires unlocking, and also that we are in earnest about unlocking it.

It remained for the past winter, with its remarkable weather and perfect car roads to cover the remaining portions of the Peace territory. With sleds moving scenes along the route and the work being done and accounts of those who have made the trip, everyone was able to gain a definite idea of the undertaking. During the early winter meetings were held in most of the remaining unenlisted communities of Grande Prairie. In reply to a request from the B.C. Block, where the interest was being shown, two representatives assisted at a series of meetings there. It resulted in a meeting at Dawson Creek, where a cooperating association was formed with splendid support. This was followed by another series of meetings from Fairview to Peace River and also from Spirit River to McLennan and High Prairie. With an enthusiastic campaign manager, out of over one hundred and fifteen meetings in not more than one did arrangements fail. At all places the project was heartily endorsed. Collections were generously given and many special efforts have since been made to assist with funds. Thus it can truly be said that the Monkman Pass Highway is understood and strongly supported by practically the entire population of the Peace. This is a matter of the utmost importance in placing our case before the people of Alberta and British Columbia and their governments, also the Dominion house.

Encouraged by this united support, the association felt it time to press the matter in the coast province. The two delegates flew from Dawson Creek to Prince George, making it in one hour and five minutes, and costing thirty dollars. The plane belonged to the United Air Transport, which company, at the suggestion of the association, has been making trips of reconnaissance. The pilots report it entirely suitable for flying purposes.

Prince George, which had been awaiting further cooperation from Alberta, gave immediate response, forming a similar association and raising considerable funds. They are assisting in every way possible.

A general meeting was then held at Vancouver, the delegates, who by the way are led by a man of Pouce Coupe, have still more encouraging reports. It was not an easy task, but after six weeks of careful and painstaking work they have secured the endorsation of the Boards of Trade of Vancouver, New Westminster, Mission, Chilliwack and others. They were also supported by the Liberal Associations of Vancouver and Burnaby, as well as by the Motor Association and other influential bodies. The crowning achievement there is the forming of the Vancouver Monkman Pass Highway Association, on the directorate of which are most of the leading men of Vancouver. They have undertaken the raising of $15,000 on the road; but above all the weight of their influence is what will count most.

A word about financing might be appropriate here. Every bit of work and expense involved has had, of course, to be given. At the outset a membership fee was set at a dollar. This was hoped to pay expenses and did so until the work of trail-cutting was undertaken. Donations of larger sums as well as of goods and services have made this work possible.

Anything that this association has achieved would have been impossible without the hearty and sympathetic cooperation of the press. This applies especially to the local papers. From the beginning they weighed the project by what it might mean to the country rather than by those espousing it. Not only have they been extremely generous with their space but they have contributed much material as well, so closely in line with the policy of the executive as to have become identified with it. Generous support has also been extended by outside papers and publications. This is one of the most effective means of bringing our cause before the people of Canada.

Much that has been done the past winter has been possible only because of the Peace River country's own radio station, CFGP. Its slogan, "The Voice of the Mighty Peace," has a real meaning for this country. Realizing what this highway means to this country, the manager of CFGP and his staff have spared no pains in helping. By the radio station's work organizing has been greatly facilitated. Individuals and communities through it have been able to help by means of donations, raising funds by entertainments, and so on. Through CFGP a new audience has been reached that could not have been by any other means.

From the beginning it has been generally conceded that this is a Dominion proposition. Peace River residents have always looked to the federal government for their rail outlet, as an interprovincial railway is necessarily so. Why not so in the case of a highway? Our unfortunate geographical position provincially strengthens this claim. As it is each province seems able to justify its inaction. Surely such technical matters could be overcome. At least each province could make the proper approach to the federal government.

The purpose of this account is not to boast of anything that has been done—it is simply an attempt to outline what has been attempted and what remains to be done. This is only a beginning.

From the foregoing it can be seen that a great deal of labor and expense has been incurred. If this expenditure is not to be wasted and whatever advantage already gained is not to be lost, these efforts must be continued. In the same spirit of self-help and cooperation is maintained there is every reason to anticipate a none-too-distant fulfilment of our hopes.

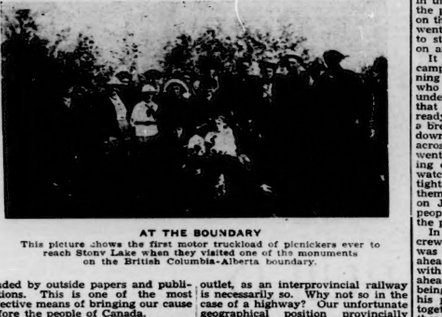
THE MAP TELLS THE STORY





FIRST OBJECTIVE ACHIEVED—TRUCK REACHES STONY LAKE

As a result of successful cooperation by the people of the Peace River Country, for sixty miles a road has been cut through primeval bush and muskeg. The motor truck, loaded with supplies, is shown as it made the trip. The work is part of the Monkman Pass Highway project and is being continued.



AT THE BOUNDARY

This picture shows the first motor truckload of picnickers ever to reach Stony Lake when they visited one of the monuments on the British Columbia-Alberta boundary.

Peace River Country's Short Cut To The Sea

By J'Hazard

It is September 21, 1937. Radios are tuned in on Vancouver Daily Province's 10 o'clock news broadcast. Earl Kelly is wishing the adventurous picnickers who have just returned from Stony Lake, on the proposed Monkman Pass Highway, a restful evening. He says: "Here it goes, with 90% compound interest." A motor-driven vehicle had marked the soil on the shores of Stony Lake for the first time.

They needed a restful evening, this tired, triumphant, happy crowd—boosters every one of them for Peace River's short cut to the sea.

This fifty-odd miles, cut through virgin bush from Rio Grande to Stony Lake, was the first achievement in the Monkman Pass Highway Association's objective—to promote the 132-mile non-ferry connecting link on the coast-to-coast highway through the great Peace River country.

Nearly thirty years ago there began a great influx of settlers into the Peace River valley, Canada's last great tract, an empire of unsettled fertile agricultural land. Now nearly a hundred thousand people dwell in an area of 74,000,000 acres, with approximately 32,000,000 acres in British Columbia and 42,000,000 acres in Alberta. Although divided by an interprovincial boundary, the people are united as one, crying out for a highway to the Pacific.

This settled area of the Peace River valley is funnel shaped. Natural valleys lead directly west and south, forming a funnel, the neck of which is the Monkman Pass—and this is the only direct route that can serve all the people. The people of this area have proven their ability to produce quality in quantity by winning many international championship prizes in wheat, oats, barley, peas, timothy, rye and other small seeds. But, alas! as far as their provincial and Dominion governments are concerned, they are people of a forgotten land.

The idea of a highway through the Monkman Pass in the Rockies is not new. Agitation for this outlet was begun many years ago with various petitions, etc. A woman's organization at Rio Grande was one of the first to pass a resolution favoring this highway outlet.

But it was not until October, 1936, that anything definite was done in the way of self-help.

One afternoon, in a living room overlooking the blue waters of Lake Saskatoon, Alex Monkman was once again tracing a trail on a map—as he had done many times before. Boys, he said, we cut our way into this country and we can cut our way out." And right there the nucleus of the Monkman Pass Highway Association was formed, with Crosbie McNaught as president.

The enthusiastic group spent four dollars for a telegram to Premier Pattullo, telling him of their plans, fully hoping for his cooperation. The Premier replied, "Contents noted. There is a road being constructed which we hope MAY EVENTUALLY REACH PEACE RIVER."

This vague refusal, instead of deterring these pioneers, only spurred them to greater activity. Then winter months were spent in organizing. There was no opposition — towns, villaged and country joining hands in cooperating to put this road through.

As soon as it became known that they meant business, men volunteered themselves for work, town merchants offered provisions, hardware men supplied axes, picks and shovels, tents were supplied, two girls, daughters of pioneers, were engaged as cooks, feed grains were given, farmers volunteered horses for short periods, money was donated, and then along came trucks to collect and deliver these supplies to the starting point on what is to be the first trans-Canada highway through the "Peace to the "Pacific."

When all was ready, a start was made from Beaver Lodge, Alberta, the last point of railway contact, to a country point southwest, Rio Grande, and this was the commencement of the greatest undertaking in cooperative road building that Canada has ever known.

Alex Monkman, that 68-year-old pioneer, who came to Saskatoon Lake in 1898, was the first to bring the feasibility of the pass to the attention of the settlers, so when the whole outfit of tents and supplies was on its way with fifteen men, Alex, mounted on Tramp, that good-looking five-gaited saddle horse, was in the lead. Tramp had been through the pass with his master before, but on this morning of mornings his head went a little higher and he seemed to step with the air of one starting on an important mission.

It is difficult to get a meal when camp is on the move, so that morning a kindly hostess at Rio Grande who wanted to share in this great undertaking sent word to the chief that the farewell breakfast was ready for the whole crew,—and what a breakfast! Then a start was made down the hill and around the bend, across the Rio Grande bridge they went, heading westward, disappearing down the valley those who watched them go felt the muscles tighten in their throat as they waved them good-bye and good luck. So on June 11, 1937, the Peace River people began hewing their way to the pacific.

In order that the construction crew could work more efficiently, it was necessary to blaze the trail ahead. So in July Alex Monkman, with three others, worked his way ahead over the pack trail which was being operated by Alex Watt and his party. The two outfits worked together most of the way. In all there were ten men, with ten pack ponies carrying the supplies. Tucked away in one of the packs was a sack of registered wheat, the first wheat over the new trail. When Professor Boving of the University of British Columbia heard of this wheat, he offered a dollar a pound for the precious cargo, to be distributed as souvenirs of the great undertaking.

By the time the McGregor River was reached supplies were getting low and it was here that a trapper's cache came into the picture. The trapper's kind gesture in providing the party with some fresh supplies was the turning point between success and failure. Three members of the Monkman Pass Highway Association executive were on this trip through the pass—Alex Monkman, Alec Watt, campaign manager, and Art Smith, publicity director.

(Continued on Page Five)



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My District, The Lesser Slave Lake Area, and The Monkman Pass

By E. S. Stanley

Lesser Slave Lake area is "my district"; and the Monkman Pass will be the front driveway of Peace River country and therefore ours.

No value or endearment attaches to any place except as it relates to human needs and contact. And how admirably this district, which includes High Prairie on the west and Slave Lake village and vicinity on the east, is thus adapted is attested by the many prosperous homes already established in it.

Lesser Slave Lake, which has an elevation of 1892 feet, is 70 miles long and 12 miles wide at its widest place. Swan Hills, on the south, contain several peaks that are some two thousand feet above the lake level.

Except for a few large open spaces, such as Slave Lake, Swan River, Grouard and High Prairie, the surrounding area is thickly wooded.

Many natural meadows border the shore; but, unfortunately, the recent unprecedented lake flood drowned large portions of it.

The first settlers, most of them, were in the gold rush of 1898. Some gave up the trek at this point, while others remained here on their return from a futile effort to get through.

The second and main influx of homeseekers was just before and at the time of the railway construction, which at this place was in 1914 and 1915.

Those were stirring times. Sawridge—now Slave Lake Beach—was a bustling beehive; and Grouard was a frontier metropolis, boasting a population of two thousand.

Fabulous prices were commanded by fur at that time. Merton Carl of Faust tells of a live pair of foxes having sold for $2,400 at Grouard. Bob Cormier, then of Swan River, got $850 for a fox pelt. But the highest paid for a fox pelt is said to have been not less than $1,000.

Equally amazing was the price of hay in '18, '19 and '20, which at the peak was more than $50 per ton.

And as to resources:—Big game and fur animals rove the woods,—surviving natural meadows provide hay,—extensive stands of saw timber dot the landscape,—fish, once thinning, are increasing, thanks to the fish hatchery,—good beaches grace the shores,—soil of high fertility favors the settlements,—coal deposits add to the wealth,—and gas and oil is strongly indicated.

Mixed farming predominates: however, the surplus grain requires the services of two elevators at High Prairie and one at Enilda. Cultivated small fruits thrive,—vegetables are unsurpassed for quality and yield,—commercial fishing provides a living for many,—lumber industry employs several crews the year round,—fur farming is prominent, with approximately 7,000 animals having been pelted last fall,—summer resort business, though in its infancy, is most promising,—and a casket factory operates at Kinuso.

In common with Peace River as a whole, our climate is healthful; and only in precipitation, which is markedly more, does it differ. Extremes of weather conditions are conducive to hardihood.

Speaking of hardihood, we perhaps hold the record for longevity: Mrs. Genevieve Giroux was 102 years old at the time of her death in Faust last August.

Religious activity does not lag. Catholics and Protestants, both represented, have fourteen churches. A Catholic Indian mission operates at Grouard, and also one at Joussard. There is an Anglican Indian mission at White Fish Lake; but theirs that had long served at Grouard has been abandoned.

Organizations of women, young people and children are numerous. Two hospitals, two doctors and a few nurses are at High Prairie; and a government district nurse is located at Kinuso.

Schools amply serve the country, among which is a consolidated school at High Prairie, and also one at Kinuso.

During the railway construction its objective was obvious—to the coast of course — so everybody thought—nothing else seemed reasonable. But people were not left in doubt, for promises were definitely given.

So enlivening was the faith and hope of the people by such well-founded expectations, they poured through here like a tidal wave,—and Peace River was settled.

That was twenty-four years ago: and many born here since then now have homes of their own with children of another generation growing up,—and still there is no coast outlet.

Not only have confidences been betrayed and promises broken, but this people is being exploited,—exploited by the senseless, needless extra transportation service of hundreds of miles in their trafficking with British Columbia and with various marts of the world.

IT IS A HEARTLESS TRIBUTE! A TRIBUTE CRUELLY WRUNG FROM A PIONEERING PEOPLE WHOSE PRIDE IS LOYALTY—WHOSE HONOR IS INDUSTRY—WHOSE FAME IS ACHIEVEMENT.

And past errors are no excuse! What if "white elephant" railway branches have been built! What has that to do with their duty to this inland realm with its population approaching 100,000?

What if they do insanely and at a loss operate parallel railway lines and give duplicate service? What has that to do with keeping pledges—pledges a generation old?

And what could be more childish than to say "there is lack of means"? while lacking means (?) millions have been spent supporting able-bodied men in idleness, and by so doing robbed them of self-respect and destroyed in them the high sense of honor, as if there were no work to do. Is it not possible that sooner than we dare guess the nation will sorely need the morale she has so prodigally impaired? And what of the internal troubles being brewed by this policy?

Several times could the connecting link of only 150 miles of railroad or the 132 miles of highway (or both) have been built with those millions—millions worse than wasted.

"Greater financial security," is the cry of the president of the C.P.R. Clearly a feigned excuse, we believe. Certainly there is not a 150-mile railway branch existing, or proposed, in Canada that can begin to equal for revenue what would be earned by this 150 miles, only needed to connect via the Monkman Pass—but the extortion by the present needless extra railway haulage would thereby end. IS THAT NOT THE CRUX?

But the pioneer spirit flared! Indignant, a handful of Peace River folk looked to themselves for help, and the Monkman Pass Highway Association was formed. Seething with an urge to achieve, over fifty miles of a vehicular trail was cut into the pass the first season—a herculean feat indeed.

But fate beams her smile: this pass is one of the lowest, being at its highest point only about one thousand feet above the average farm area in Peace River. No steep grades, no ferries, no rock work of account will be needed. Not narrow gorges will the route follow, we are told, but a succession of valleys sufficiently wide and flat as to practically preclude snowslide hazards.

Preserved in nature's vaults for ages past are the treasures this project is now unlocking: Exquisite beauty—the irresistible magnet for tourists; teeming trout-fishing streams that have no equal; big game hunters' paradise; and vast mineral wealth which without doubt awaits only the prospector's pick.

Though of national scope and of incalculable national worth, the pass is being opened solely and gratuitously by private citizens.

"I would not encourage the highway outlet," said a friend; "it will hurt your auto camp business." Short visioned! It often happens that what is expected to hinder business actually proves a stimulant instead. However, a true patriot is not confined to personal interests. He rejoices in his country's development: What benefits the majority, benefits him; if not now, eventually; if not directly, indirectly.

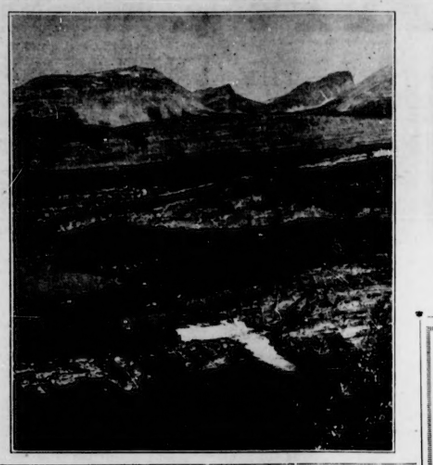
Enthusiasm is rising; and no more than a tide can it be stemmed. The backwash of public sentiment will at long last swash through the capitals; and then perforce the road will be accepted and quickly brought to standard: Our front driveway;—and because of its direct route, superb scenery, and other distinctive features,—the logical western lap of the transcontinental highway.

We may safely predict, perhaps, that motor vehicular competition will then induce the railway interests to build the connecting railway link through that pass without further delay, just as the rail freight service over the Peace River Highway to and from Edmonton was quickly followed by the present improved rail service within our country.

But meantime this gargantuan effort is a modern epic—an epic of heroism; and the generations to come will doubtlessly find it so chronicled in the history of the nation.

FORWARD, THEN, COMRADES! ONWARD THROUGH THE PASS!

IN THE BEAUTIFUL MONKMAN PASS COUNTRY





ABOVE—At the foot of these mountains nestles Monkman Lake. It is through scenery like this that the Monkman Pass route goes beginning at Stony Lake.

AT THE LEFT—Valley of Monkman Creek. The creek is seen winding and falling. At this point in its course it plunges over 14 falls, ranging from 35 to 75 feet in ten miles.

ALEX MONKMAN TELLS ABOUT LAKE SASKATOON HIS "OLD HOME TOWN"

In a radio broadcast Alex. Monkman, discoverer of the Monkman Pass route through the Rocky Mountains, gave the following facts about Lake Saskatoon, of which district he is a pioneer:

"The district of Lake Saskatoon has not any particular advantage over other areas in the Peace River country, either in financial status of its people or the topographical aspect, yet this district is by far the most well known portion of the Peace River area.

"Of course we admit this is due in a large measure to the efforts of Mr. Herman Trelle, "The Wheat Wizard," but a country or a part of that country cannot thrive on the achievements of one man alone. Lake Saskatoon is the oldest settlement in this north land and it is the most compactly settled district—its original homesteaders being John Aletid, James McFarlane, the Smith brothers, Leonard Konschak, Coopers, Wm. Grant, Les Ferguson, Mr. Brough, Mr. Fewer, Ernie Hawkinson, Mr. Trelle, Jack Sutherland and myself.

"The Hudson's Bay Company's first trading post was built on Bear Creek, near La Glace. Mr. Heiken is the present owner of the land where the old Hudson Bay site was.

"I built the first house at Lake Saskatoon in 1909, the Hudson's Bay then moved to Lake Saskatoon in 1901. The first land office was built at Lake Saskatoon, also Lake Saskatoon was the first town this far north to receive government mail, and in the early days Lake Saskatoon was the centre of attraction for all government officials and sightseers.

"Many oldtimers will recall that the first sports was held at Lake Saskatoon. This was a great event in those days. Many folks brought their cows, chickens and sometimes pigs to the sports, staying for two or three days.

"The first public school built in the country was built at Lake Saskatoon, and I might also say that the first consolidated school was built in this district and is still in operation."

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Arthur H. Funnell

Proprietor

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IT IS TO BE HOPED THAT THE MONKMAN PASS HIGHWAY ROUTE WILL APPEAR ON OUR MAPS IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE.

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THIS BUSINESS IS NOW EXTENDING TO ALL THE PROVINCES OF THE DOMINION. WE BELIEVE IN PROGRESS AND WISH TO CONGRATULATE THOSE WHO ARE PROGRESSIVE ENOUGH TO PROMOTE A MONKMAN PASS HIGHWAY.

Peace River Co-op. Seed Growers Limited

ROBT. COCHRANE, President W. J. THOMSON, Mgr.

Peace River's Short Cut . . .

(Continued from Page Four)

Anyone taking a trip over the Monkman Pass route would see at first hand its scenic grandeur. Its valleys are wide and run in such directions that they can be used to great advantage in building a highway. The banks of the rivers are low and the grades are not steep. The altitude in the Divide is 3,500 feet, and at this point the valley is about two miles wide. On account of the valley being wide there is no danger of slides of any kind, either rock or snow. All through the pass there is plenty of game, moose, deer, caribou, sheep, goats and bear. On Monkman Creek there is a series of eight waterfalls, ranging in height from 15 to 60 feet. In these there is splendid trout fishing.

One sees at first hand the beauty which nature has made and can stand in awe and gaze at the mountains, springs, lakes and waterfalls. Watching the fish swim upstream with the ease of a streamlined car over a smooth highway is an interesting holiday occupation. The deer, the caribou and the moose bathing in the lakes all make outstanding pictures. To this secluded spot hie Mr. and Mrs. Gray Canada Goose and near their spring models. They will seem very surprised when you come down to the shore of a lake they consider their very own. Monkman Lake nestles at the foot of a mountain several thousand feet high, and waits the advent of the new highway, so that she, like Lake Louise, can show breathless beauty to the world.

The approximate distance from Vancouver to Feller Heights in British Columbia, connecting the Peace River Block is 680 miles. The approximate distance from Vancouver to Rio Grande in Alberta is 675 miles. The forks of the trail would be near Stony Lake. A saving of a thousand miles over the present route.

One day a visitor to a settler in outlying districts brought some fruit to the children. One little boy played with the fruit for a while then threw it in the wood box. He did not know it was to be eaten, for he had never before seen an orange.

There are men and women, raised in the Peace River country, who have never seen an apple blossom or an apple growing; yet through the Monkman Pass, a short distance down the Cariboo Trail, they thrive in abundance.

Nothing would help the problem of the rural woman more in caring for a family than something that would bring to her table more easily the products of the British Columbia orchards. To say nothing about being able to load the family into a car, take them down to the orchards and give them a holiday as well.

As a district the development of the Peace River is at a standstill without a western outlet.

They are the most inaccessible to markets—yet with the Monkman Pass Highway they would be the closest.

It will mean the opening of the front door. At present only the back door is open. Opening up this route will provide a vast hinterland for the coast cities.

The Monkman Pass Highway will be a marker for the new Vancouver, Prince George, Fort St. John, Whitehorse plane route. It will give tourists a route whereby they may travel north on the Pacific Coast through scenic British Columbia, to the wonderful paradise of the Rockies over the Monkman Pass Highway into the empire of the Peace; then back on the east side of the Rockies through Edmonton. When this and other projected routes are completed, Edmonton will be 200 miles shorter on her journey to the coast via this route.

At present Peace River's tourist situation is unfair. Governments are spending greater sums on highways each year, and Peace River people pay their share, but are deprived of any possible chance of benefit. However, with the help of Vancouver and Prince George and B. C. Block M. P. H. A.'s, and splendid assistance from Cariboo and coast towns, sums have been raised to make it possible to cut a trail and have a car through the pass by October. This should be the beginning of a change in the tourist situation. Dr. A. A. Worthington is president of Vancouver M.P.H.A.; Mayor A. M. Patterson, president of Prince George M.P.H.A., and Frank Murphy, president of the B. C. Block M.P.H.A.

"The story of the Monkman Pass trail-cutting enterprise is an inspirational one of self-help, initiative and cooperation, prosecuted and financed for the most part by bona fide farmers and their families, mostly people of limited means.

"These crusaders for the Monkman Pass Highway are confident that this cherished outlet to the sea will go through. To them a road never sleeps and it never dies. It is more important than mortals. So these people with vision work for it in order that the country in which they live will grow and prosper.

Monkman Pass Highway

when completed will be a big boost for the Peace River country

Mother's Bread

is a big boost for the Peace River country. **Mother's Home-made type bread** every Saturday. Order from your grocer or from the bread wagon.

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RAILWAY CENTRE OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

SOME towns are made for the reason that they are the centre of agricultural areas, others have been developed through their being the centre of mining or timber areas. McLennan has grown to a point where it now boasts of a population of 800 because of its importance as a railway centre, which can be truly termed the greatest in this north country. Here trains are broken, re-assembled and then run north and west.

Railway shops are a further important asset to McLennan. Upwards of 100 men are employed in the shops, running and other branches of the railway, all working out of McLennan. The pay roll therefore gives to McLennan a stable annual flow of money, which is indicated in the quality of stores.

The location of the town, overlooking Round Lake, a good-sized body of water, gives the town a delightful position, which its residents have taken advantage of.

A wise provision was made in leaving enough of the original forest to give the town a most pleasing background.

It is within the truth to say that few towns in Alberta have more fine homes than McLennan.

Up to 1930 there was some uncertainty as to the permanency of McLennan as a railway divisional point and the result was that the people hesitated to invest in modern buildings. At this time the permanency was well established and building began and has continued.

Another wise provision is reasonably wide streets, provided by those responsible for the town's planning.

The business men of McLennan are taking full advantage of the fact that the town is on the gravel highway, which was gravelled last year from the town of Peace River to McLennan, and have provided services for the travelling public. Briefly the following the the places of business at McLennan:

A first-class hotel, centrally located, well furnished, and with all modern appointments. It attracts a large number of motorists and the railway travelling public.

There are three general stores, all carrying complete lines; also a hardware store and pharmac.

Two up-to-date garages, each with modern filling stations, look after the motor business.

There are four restaurants, one bakery, and one millinery shop, and a store which specializes in women's apparel.

There are two first-class barber shops, operated by competent tonsorial artists.

The health of the town and district is in the hands of two highly qualified doctors and one dentist.

A thirty-five-bed hospital furnishes hospitalization to the country for miles around. Fitted with all modern equipment, the hospital is in the hands of a competent staff of nurses.

In this bustling railway centre the spiritual side of the community has not been lost sight of and there are three churches.

The people of McLennan believe in good, healthy, wholesome sports. There are tennis courts, baseball and softball diamonds, hockey and curling rink.

McLennan is a judicial centre and court is held whenever necessary. A resident lawyer looks after the greater portion of the law business of the town and district. The enforcement of law and order is in the hands of a detachment of the R.C.M.P.

A Liquor Control Board agency is located at McLennan.

The school population, attending the public and separate schools, is approximately 200.

Last fall the Dominion Electric Light and Power Company, Limited, took over the local plant and are negotiating for a site on which they will build a new power-house, in which will be installed a 200-horse-power engine, which is necessary to meet the rapidly growing demand.

The advisability of incorporating is now a live issue at McLennan, and after the necessary information has been compiled and studied the whole question will be submitted to the ratepayers. If the voters vote in the affirmative—as many think they will—the town will then be in a position to handle its own affairs and further progress will be registered, it is predicted.

Round Lake is especially suitable for the landing of seaplanes, and the government has constructed a pier at a cost of some $3,000.

The Board of Trade of McLennan, realizing what a coast outlet highway means to the Peace River country, has endorsed the Monkman Pass highway project.

The organization already has given substantial support and is prepared to do more to have the shortest road to the coast constructed.

"On to the Coast, via the Monkman Pass," is the slogan of the people of this bustling railway centre.

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will be spudded in soon at Bonanza, on the crest of the Pouce Coupe structure, to test all oil horizons down to 6,000 feet. Camp buildings and 116 foot steel derrick are already erected. Casing on the ground. Large Rotary Drilling Machine, especially equipped to handle heavy gas pressures is now being rigged up. This well is being drilled to **bring in oil.**

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The foremost geologists of America have long believed that oil and gas pools of great size and richness should be found in the Pouce Coupe structure around 4,000 feet in depth. Ideal geoligical conditions indicate that vast accumulations of oil exist at Pouce Coupe at this comparatively shallow depth, in lower Cretaceous Sands. It is freely predicted that Pouce Coupe oil field will one day rival or even surpass the great oil fields at Mexico and West Texas, where hundreds of wells have yielded flows of 25,000 to 250,000 barrels per day from each well.

Prosperity From Oil

With cheap gasoline and tractor fuel, the Peace River districts will awaken to new prosperity. Oil development builds cities, builds roads, brings industry, refineries, pipe lines, provides employment, and countless other material advantages. **But greatest of all---new oil fields bring fortunes to those who acquire early interests in the fields.**

Opportunity For All

Today, there is opportunity for wealth and fortune for all at Pouce Coupe. In hundreds of the great American oil fields, millionaires have been made almost overnight when new pools were found. Pouce Coupe presents one of the greatest profit opportunities ever known in the history of Canada --- in our opinion.

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In order to show the vast possibilities for fortune of the Pouce Coupe Oil field---this last great oil frontier of America---we have compiled an interesting booklet called "The Story of Pouce Coupe." It contains maps, pictures and reports. Thousands of these booklets have been requested, and mailed to all parts of Canada. Requests continue to pour in. Do you want a copy of this valued booklet? Just write for a copy today. It will be mailed to you free of cost, and without obligation.

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GARAGE AND LIGHTING PLANT
Bring your car troubles to me - Prompt Service
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Scenic Work, Wall Pictures, Color Schemes
Estimates Given HIGH PRAIRIE

THE thriving town of High Prairie can really date its development from the advent of the railway in 1914. There was at that time a small settlement, now known as the old townsite, which moved over to the railway.

The High Prairie district is most fertile. Deep black soil is general throughout the area.

There is every evidence that the country was once a lake, an extension of Slave Lake. This opinion is borne out by the fact that signs of this have been found in the wells dug throughout the area.

Another piece of evidence supporting this opinion is the fact that a ridge of hills encloses the country, which, it is thought, was the shore line.

The people of the High Prairie area call their country the Garden of the North. The profusion of well-cultivated flower and vegetable plots in the district would seem to justify the claim.

The town itself in summer is a veritable riot of beautiful colored flowers. As the residents vie with one another in growing flowers, the rivalry makes the town a real beauty spot.

High Prairie is also an important grain and live stock shipping centre. The two elevators handle yearly about 225,000 bushels of grain, while about a hundred carloads of live stock are shipped from this point every twelve months.

Off to one side of the Edmonton and Peace River Highway, the people of High Prairie have been asking that a bridge be built over the West Prairie River, just west of the town. That request at last has been granted and provision has been made for construction of the bridge this coming summer. When completed High Prairie will be right in the sweep of traffic and further development will be registered in the near future.

High Prairie is an important educational centre, up to an including grade eleven being taught in the six-rooom school. Six vans take the country pupils to and from school and when all the children assemble to be taken to their various homes the scene is an interesting and animated one.

Business services of the town are complete and comprise the following:

Drug store, two meat markets, two barber shops, pool room, three blacksmith shops, one jewelry store, bakery, two restaurants, five implement agencies, three gas distributors, three general stores, chopping mill.

There are two doctors and one lawyer.

A detachment of the R.C.M.P. looks after law and order.

High Prairie is fortunate in having one of the finest hotels in the Peace River country, where up-to-date accommodation is given with the maximum of courtesy.

An electric light plant furnishes twenty-four-hour service.

High Prairie has many fine homes, the gardens and lawns of which would do credit to any town or city.

The spiritual side of the town and district is in the care of three churches.

The above is just a brief summary of what constitutes the thriving and ambitious town of High Prairie.

Alive to what proper transportation means, the people are one hundred per cent back of the proposed Monkman Pass highway project.

"Let every town and section stand together," the people say, "and we will get the highway to the coast."

CROOKED CREEK DIST. AND HIGHWAY

By Mrs. J. F. Dismert

No other part of this land of the mighty Peace will be more benefited by the Monkman Pass Highway than this our "million-dollar" homesteading district.

Situated as we are about 46 miles east of Grande Prairie on the Sturgeon Lake cut-off to Edmonton, we would profit by the tourists coming north by way of Vancouver, over the old historic Yale-Cariboo Trail, through the Monkman Pass and into the great Peace River country, on through to Edmonton over an improved Edmonton highway, to visit the famous Canadian prairies. Here is a triangular tourist route which would in a short time become justly famous and attract thousands of paying guests.

With our fertile acres,—which are rapidly becoming settled with good farmers from the dry belt,—we are in need of a market for our produce, and we cannot afford to lose a third of our earnings by paying exorbitant freighting charges. A complete all-weather highway connecting us with Vancouver would make possible the operation of large motor transports, which in turn would establish new standards of speed and economy as far as the movement of freight and produce are concerned. We would benefit by the return loads of fresh fruit, fish, etc. Again, motor buses would play a large part in moving passengers, traffic that does not travel by private automobile. Where these buses are operating elsewhere at the present moment and operating on the mile-for-mile basis against rail traffic, they are doing it more cheaply than by rail. What could they do with only one-third of the distance to cover that rail traffic has?

It would not do to overlook the strategic position in the event of Canada being attacked by an enemy. It is to be hoped it will never need to be used as an implement of war, but, nevertheless, it must be taken into consideration.

Is it any wonder then that wherever we meet the talk invariably turns to the Monkman Pass Highway? All are eager to help it along; everyone is giving or going to give their staunch support. Our slogan is "Do your bit for the Monkman Pass Highway."

READERS, ATTENTION

Only a limited number of extra copies of this issue have been printed, so order what you need at once and avoid disappointment.



HIGH PRAIRIE AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE

What Will The Monkman Pass Road Mean To The Women Of Peace River?

By Dale Randall

To the thousands of women living in villages, on farms, and in isolated log cabins in the bush; women from eastern Canada, women from the States, women from central Europe, women from the British Isles across the sea; women who came hopefully to this land of promise and have remained here, unable to escape, even for a short visit, to the great outside world.

What would it mean to load the family into the car some bright summer morning and go up the Monkman Pass Highway, to camp beside the cool green waters of a mountain stream cascading from the snow above; to go fishing in the frothy water among the huge rocks; and to see deer and moose and all wild life at home beside the unspoiled trail?

Then to journey on and come suddenly into a sunny valley; to see crimson fruit-spangled branches and exclaim, "A Cherry Tree!" and eat freely of the luscious fruit for the first time in twenty years! To see low and friendly apple trees propped to support their juicy wealth and join the children's joy in the fact that apples grow on trees and not in boxes.

To feel the heart-warming friendliness of the other travellers on the Highway and to make new friends as you go along is a joy that will surely last.

Surely the Highway will mean heart-ease to the homesick ocean-lover as she breathes again the salt sea breezes or gathers shells while listening to the waves of the Pacific rushing on the sands.

Finally, some happy night, to see again the flashing, many-colored lights of a great city, to visit the beauty parlors and regain once more her confidence and and charm,—what more could any woman desire?

Especially will the women of the North glory in the wealth of flowers — the perfect roses — and the whole new world of trees and vegetation unknown in the land of the Peace.

Then, homeward bound, what fun to stop at the roadside stands to load the trailer with golden honey, luscious cherries, plums, apples, pears, apricots—fruits the children never enjoyed before—all within reach of a Peace River pocketbook. Who can tell of what ingenious exchanges of northern produce for Pacific Coast goods the women will devise?

Best of all—the home-coming—after rocky mountain passes and parched countrysides; after bald black hills of rock—your fertile green bush at home looks like Paradise—you are so full of home-coming joy that you greet lovingly the neighbor you haven't spoken to for ten years. Your horizon has broadened and you realize that although for twenty years you have been cooped in the North, the radio, the airplane and the newspaper have kept your mind bright to receive, at last, the blessing brought by the Monkman Pass Highway — communication with the world "outside."

HAZELMERE AND THE M.P. HIGHWAY

By "Happy"

The Monkman Pass highway comes as a most welcome project to the Hazelmere district. It has changed our song from, "We do not live we only stay," to, "We plan to stay and hope to live." People who have moved away are coming back, and settlers are beginning to cast an eye in our direction.

The Hazelmere district lies between the Red Willow and the Wapiti about twenty-eight miles south-west from Beaverlodge. It is the last settlement the highway passes through in its route to the coast. The road as planned will about centre the district. On the north side the land is practically all settled, and is gradually being dotted with comfortable homes. It has been proven to be a successful grain growing and mixed farming area. To the south of the road more than the half of the land is open to homesteading. The heavily wooded area may frighten the faint hearted yet it is to be remembered that wood is of surprising value nowadays, and should the highway come to be, clearing itself would become a money making proposition. There is plenty of good water. The land being drained by a creek flowing to the Red Willow river. The greatest drawback to this beautiful country of opportunity is its lack of transportation to some large commercial centre. It was the land of homesteads 20 years ago and is still today.

Should a highway go through it would open up the country. Settlers would flock in to take up the land that has been slumbering all these years. The trees would be cleared away and the rich soil turned over. Now where only the wild Prairie flowers grow golden fields of wheat would sway. Beautiful homes would replace the rustic cabins. Increased population would mean better schools and churches. The social standard would rapidly be improved. As over night we would find ourselves whirled into a modern existence, as compared with this present pioneering. Hazelmere would find its place in the world, helping to solve unemployment and meeting the needs of the human race.

Not only is this an agricultural district, but it skirts the famous hunting ground of the north of Canada. We now boast the mountain guide Wapiti Brown, who has for years, taken millionaires on thrilling hunting trips. Should the highway go through we may boast many more guides. This country would become a great attraction for tourists; and with tourists comes the possibility of summer resorts and grand hotels.

Let us deal with what the highway would mean in the matter of transportation alone. We would no longer ship our grain and other products out, but to the west. We would take it over the highway by truck. From there it would only be a short distance by rail to the ocean liner. Then at a very low cost it could be taken to any part of the world. The distance from Hazelmere to Howard, the port of call, is approximately one hundred and forty miles. At an average rate of twenty-five miles an hour a loaded truck could make the trip in six hours with time off for dinner. As we haul our grain now by team and wagon, we wouldn't be in Beaverlodge in that time, much less have had dinner. You may ask why we do not truck our grain to Beaverlodge. The way the roads are kept it does not pay a truck driver to haul from out here; and the farmers need the little money he can save on making the trip himself. When the farmer has made his long trip by wagon; where is he? Only in Beaverlodge. His grain has yet to cross Canada by rail before it is loaded in the ocean liner and headed for the world market. What a difference in the two routes. Peace River must have its outlet; if Hazelmere must give dances to get it. Imported goods would be much cheaper, when they do not bear such freight rates. Fruits and vegetables would be almost as easily obtained as if they grew here. That fact alone should be reason enough to build the highway.

The people of Hazelmere are looking forward anxiously to the building of the road. There are the first settlers who twenty years ago came out here in search of homesteads and have toiled all these years in hope of something better than pioneer days. To them the highway would be the fulfilment of their dreams and their wish for their children. There are those having taken soldiers' grants. To them the highway would bring undreamed of prosperity, which is no more than their just reward. To the young couples who have chosen farming as their occupation and have taken land where it could only be obtained, even though it meant sacrificing all they had known and turning to homesteading with no modern conveniences; no cars, no theatres, no churches; the highway will be nothing short of a miracle. Only to the lone souls who have sought sanctum in this far off country will the highway come unwanted.

I believe the Monkman Pass highway would mean more to this district than it could possibly mean to any other. Now, where we have with few exceptions, the longest distance to market in the Peace River country; we would then have the shortest. It would be a ready market for our products, with reduced freight rates. The highway would give us good roads, something we haven't yet had. The country would develop; more settlers would mean improved social standards, and an outlook for our children. The incoming of tourists would encourage and enable us to build up our homes. The fruits and vegetables it would make available would mean better health and stronger bodies to the coming generation. There would be no more long trips by wagon with anxious wives waiting beloved husbands return. Instead it would be a motor trip together to the city once in a while. A shopping tour for the family, new sights and thrills that would make life seem worth living. Thus to the people of the Hazelmere district the highway would mean a symbol of prosperity and new happiness.

TEEPEE CREEK AND M. P. ROAD

By "Atrosie"

My district and the Monkman Pass Highway are so closely affiliated as to leave on one the mark of any fluctuation of progress on the part of the other. No other project that we could engage in furthering could when completed, benefit us to such an extent as the successful completion of this highway connecting us with tidewater.

We could fancy our relations with this as similar to those of a private individuals with a stock or bond company in which he holds an interest. If he lets his interest lapse he loses what considerable effort he has already put forward and what is more important, he will gain nothing by his former outlay. We are in the same boat. A road to the coast will only benefit us for years to come. A government promised road might never benefit this generation. No dividends will ever be paid us on a promise, but if we do not now wage in our payments, (of moral and material support of the M.P.H.) dividends shall be paid us in the near future.

What of the result? Next year or the next when a steady stream of commerce rolls over this highway, reaching from the heart of the Peace River country to the coast, either at Prince Rupert or Vancouver, we will be as much closer to the economical sea route to the world than Edmonton, as Edmonton is now closer than us.

Now, a vacation outside entails nearly four hundred miles of swaying and creaking train ride or almost the same distance by car over bad hills, with ferries, all generally seasoned with high upkeep bills. Then we find ourselves only at the door of the dry plains with miles of travel and climbing ahead before we really get any place. How different it would be the other way.

A small portion of our travel to the west over good roads that we prefer to the east over bad roads would see us at a port opening on all the world.

British Columbia, chicken farmers must buy their feed wheat from the inland wheat farmers. Under the present conditions they pay over twenty cents per cwt., more for it than do the buyers in Japan. How can that happen? It wouldn't need to, if the proper system of trading existed between us and them.

Wheat that we get a dollar and forty a hundred for here should by no means accumulate another dollar or more in cost by the time it reaches a point in B.C. only seven hundred miles away. A similar condition affects the fruit that we buy from these same points, with the added difference that it deteriorates during the prosaic journey.

It is a fact that England can obtain a better class of fruit four thousand miles away in eastern Canada with less damage in transit than can we from a point only seven hundred miles away where fruit of as excellent quality is grown.

There is no reason why dealers in the Peace River could not barter for this fruit of better quality direct from the growers, via the Monkman Pass Highway, to the mutual benefit of the B. C. fruit and chicken farmers and the Peace River grain growers.

Ours is a very fertile district and we could profitably indulge in farming of a more varied type or on more specialized lines if the necessary urban centre and consequent market for such produce was within easy reach. Prize products have been grown right here in our district and recognition lies but around the corner via the Monkman Pass.

The nearest mountain summer resort is Jasper Park, six hundred miles away. The natural playground opened up by the Monkman Pass is equal in all respects to the aforementioned government park, has no expensive living costs attached and is only one hundred miles from our door. The scenery is just as grand, the fishing is just as good and there are no "Keep off the grass" style of signs.

We of the Peace River country would be by a completed M.P.H., within the handiest reach of two major seaports, Vancouver and Prince Rupert, or of two major and interesting cities, Vancouver and Victoria. It would strike one as being most plausible that the Peace River country would form a natural agricultural hinterland to Prince Rupert in its capacity of seaport; much more so than any other farming country in the west which already have absorbing centres.

Here's to the taste of fresh fruit, the kick of saltwater fish, and the general desirability of easy access to something new.

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MUTUAL LIFE *of* CANADA
ESTABLISHED 1869 HOME OFFICE: WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Grande Prairie Is Solidly Behind M. P. H. Project

Scheme Adopted By Both Council And Board Of Trade—Continuance Of Whole-Hearted Support Asked For By J. E. Thomson, Chairman Of Transportation Committee Of Board Of Trade.

The Grande Prairie Board of Trade has for years valiantly fought for construction of a coast outlet.

When Sir Edward Beatty made it known that the people of the Peace River could expect no transportation redress so far as a coast rail outlet was concerned, the people of Grande Prairie have swung in solidly behind the Monkman Pass Highway Association's efforts to start the building of a highway through the Monkman Pass.

The highway project has been endorsed by both the Board of Trade and the town council.

Grande Prairie merchants have donated handsomely in goods, foodstuffs and cash.

While fully realizing what the construction of the Monkman Pass Highway means to Grande Prairie, the people also grasp what construction of the highway means to the Peace River country as a whole.

J. E. Thomson, chairman of the transportation committee of the Grande Prairie Board of Trade and a member of the M.P.H.A., who has been a consistent fighter for a rail outlet to the coast, when asked for an opinion on the Monkman Pass highway project by The Tribune reporter, had the following to say:

"The Monkman Pass Highway Association requires the whole-hearted support of everybody, financially and otherwise, to continue the cutting of the trail and in their efforts to induce our governments to give the people this much needed outlet.

If the people of the Peace River country want this outlet, now is the time to give their whole-hearted support, as the objective is to complete cutting of the trail to Hansard this summer."

You'll Have To Hurry!

Only a limited number of extra copies of this Special Edition have been printed and advance orders indicate that the supply won't last long. To avoid disappointment get your extra copies at once. The cost is very reasonable: 15 cents each, two for 25 cents, wrapped ready for mailing.

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Many reasons can be enumerated, but the founder had an idealism: "Where there is an ideal there is no fear. Hence they shall have success. Again, why do people think of SLOANE'S when they require:

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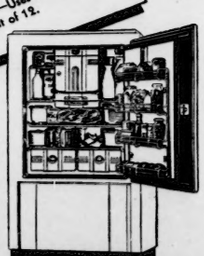
The past ten year's experience has convinced us that the Peace River district needs

The Monkman Pass Highway

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THE NORTHERN TRIBUNE

MOST WIDELY READ HOME PAPER OF THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY---"LAND OF HOPE AND BEAUTY"

Section Three | Grande Prairie, Alberta | Monkman Pass Special Edition

"My District" and The Monkman Pass Highway

Construction of the Monkman Pass Highway Would Allow P. R. People Outing To Coast

By D. E. Harris

FIRST—Because it is the shortest route from the Peace River District to Pacific Coast markets by over 300 miles, with lower grades and easier construction of highway or railway of any pass through the Canadian Rockies.

SECOND—A glance at the map shows it starts from the most southerly and central point east and west of the vast Peace River District in a direct line towards Vancouver.

THIRD—With only 132 miles to build from the British Columbia boundary to connect with the old historic Cariboo Highway of 400 miles built by the federal government between 1861 and 1864—from Fort Yale, head of navigation on the lower Fraser River, to the rich Cariboo placer goldfields at Barkerville, where on Lightning and Williams Creeks around a hundred millions in gold was taken from some of the richest placer diggings ever found in America during the early sixties.

FOURTH—At Quesnel the highway turned east, following Lightning Creek a good part of the 63 miles to Barkerville, the terminus, where almost overnight the mushroom city of 10,000 had sprung up. Since 1912 the highway has been extended to Prince George, and in 1936 was completed to Hansard, 40 miles east, and connecting there with the Monkman Pass Highway would complete the highway link from the Peace River District to Vancouver, over one of the most historic and beautiful scenic routes in Canada; with gigantic waterfalls 50 feet higher than Niagara; with streams and lakes teeming with rainbow and Dolly Varden trout; while through the valleys and along mountainsides roam unmolested grizzly bears, moose, caribou, goats and big horn sheep. What more could the big game hunter, fisherman or tourist expect from Mother Nature than can be found in this almost unknown area.

FIFTH—The Monkman Pass Highway will cut off about 900 miles by present highway to Vancouver and bring us within 700 miles of Canada's evergreen Pacific port, connecting at Ashcroft with both C.N.R. and C.P.R. lines; also connecting there with the highway to Kamloops, North Thompson, and the Okanagan Valley; crossing the U.S. boundary at Oroville, Washington, with connections there for all United States points; and will put the Peace River District within 400 miles of the Okanagan and Kamloops fruit orchards, where annually thousands of boxes of fruit rot on the ground, while our Peace River people do without, owing to the long round-about haul and prohibitive freight rates, when by the Monkman Pass route trucks could make the round trip from here to the orchards in about 48 hours, bringing the fruit fresh instead of it being weeks in transit and in warehouses before it reaches us.

SIXTH—As the Peace River people are contributing to highways in other parts of the province costing hundreds of thousands, built for the benefit of tourists only, and open for only a few months of the year, it would seem about time a highway outlet that an absolute necessity was built for our 85,000 Peace River people, owing to the still present outlet being impassable for part of the year.

SEVENTH—By the Monkman Pass our grain could be trucked to central British Columbia and test beef raisers and poultry men for less than half the domestic freight rate charged by the railways, with the powerful diesel trucks with trailers now used, that handle loads of 100 tons on paved roads. Returning, they could load with fruit, tomatoes, onions, etc., from the Okanagan, and lumber, shingles and overseas merchandise from the coast cities at about two-thirds the present prices on these commodities to our people, with at least 10 cents a bushel more for our wheat and a like amount on other products for export.

LAST, but not least, what an outing and choice a people would be this trip over the historic Cariboo Highway, unrivalled for scenic beauty, to Canada's Pacific ports and evergreen playground, where East meets West in commerce from the world's seven seas; where the broken prairie ends abruptly, met by balmy breezes from the Pacific.

Monkman Pass Highway Is Only Solution To The Peace River Farmers' Troubles

By R. A. Given
(Age 16)

As we look over this beautiful country,
Which has attracted so many of us to a quiet and peaceful home,
We see the kinds of soil land locations
Where some day we hope to see these long winding trails of mud changed to some great highway.
And the lonely solitude of wilderness changed to fields of waving grain.
We hope to see this great Peace River one of the greatest wheat growing countries in the world.

Zipp! Zipp! There go those questions flashing by again: What is the Monkman Pass? Where is it and what good is it going to do me or my district? Who found it and when? And, how is it being built?

Well, first let's discuss the Peace River country, its good points and bad points, its crops, and all the questions that "crop up," as the saying is.

The Peace River country is situated in northwestern Alberta and northeastern British Columbia, the centre of it about 400 miles north of Edmonton. It has a population of about 80,000 and an area of about 47 million acres of good agricultural land that will give a good yield of almost any kind of grain. In 1928 a Grande Prairie field of 15 acres yielded 1,059 bushels, an average of 70 bushels per acre. A field of new breaking in the same district yielded 61 bushels per acre, and this year my own oat crop went 75 bushels per acre. Herman Trite of Wembley has won many world championships for his wheat and Robert Cochrane of Grande Prairie has won world championships for his timothy seed. The Peace River country has many good points, it gets plenty of rain and the land is flat so it is easy down to hay for a few years would give even better yields of grain. But this country has no good markets; that's why the Monkman Pass Highway is being built—to get a road to Vancouver that is shorter than the present route, which goes around by way of Edmonton.

At Beaver Lodge there is an experimental substation, with Mr. W. D. Albright in charge, and he experiments with the different grains and grasses, the feeding of hogs and cattle and other important things that might be of benefit to the farmers of the country.

But now let's see about those questions that are bothering us. The Monkman Pass Highway is the one and only solution to the Peace River farmer's troubles—it will bring him in closer contact with the Vancouver grain market. Let's start at Grande Prairie and follow the Monkman Pass route to Hansard. From Grande Prairie it goes to Beaver Lodge, Halcourt, Rio Grande, Stony Lake, Kinuseo Falls and down Monkman Creek and Murray River to Hansard, where there is a levelled road to Vancouver via Prince George. Only 188 miles of easily constructed road would link the 80,000 people of the Peace River country with the C.N.R. line at Aleza Lake in B.C., which is less than 600 miles from Vancouver.

Alexander Monkman, a grand old gentleman of 70 years, the man who has done more for the people of the "last Great West" than perhaps any other man has or possibly ever will do, came to the Peace River country in 1897 by ox-cart to find a suitable site for a trading post. This he established at or near Lake Saskatoon. He passed through Grande Prairie when there was only a few teepee poles to mark the spot. Later he took up ranching, but as the settlers came in and the country got more settled he started trapping and in 1922, when he found a Grand Trunk survey of 1904-5 on the Herrick River in British Columbia he decided to see if a road could be made through the lowest and easiest pass north of the 49th parallel. In 1923 he persuaded the C.N.R. reconnaissance engineer, Murray Hill, to make a trip through the Monkman Pass. Mr. Hill's report was favorable, but the matter of railways went no further.

But the settlers of the Peace River stand united and never before in any country has there been shown such a spirit of cooperation. The people of this country were promised a coast outlet by the different political parties, but these promises have never been fulfilled. When the depression came on in '30 the people thought the government had enough to do looking after the relief problem, so they forgot the Outlet for a while; but when they thought the time was ripe for their Outlet the government refused to fulfil its promise, so now they're cutting their own Outlet by way of the Monkman Pass. In 1936 thirteen of the old-timers, including Alex Monkman and Art Smith, met and decided to try to cut a road to Vancouver, with the hope that the government would step in and finish what the settlers have started. In June of 1937 twenty real Peace River spirited men went to work on the new road and on September 20 the first motor vehicle stood on the shore of Stony Lake, some 60 miles from where the work had begun. It was a two-ton truck with seventeen passengers aboard, who had made the trip with little difficulty. In the fall work was suspended until the spring, and now that spring is here the men are already at work and soon 30 more will join the ones that are there to help cut part of the road. This fall they say that they are going to drive a car from Grande Prairie through the Monkman Pass and down the main street in Vancouver. All winter long the Monkman Pass Highway Association has been raising funds, the districts are sponsoring dances, and Association men show pictures taken along the trail. The men working on the road are working free of charge because they are cutting the road to a better market for their produce.

Now what good is it going to do my district or the Peace River country. First, it is about 1,700 miles to Vancouver by way of Edmonton and Calgary, while by way of the Monkman Pass it is about 700 miles. Now there is about 10 million bushels of wheat grown in the Peace River country and the price here is about 30 cents below the Vancouver prices. That means that the Peace River farmer pays $3,000,000, for what? Merely getting his grain to market. That's just another reason why we want the Monkman Pass Highway—it would cut off about 1,000 miles that the farmer must ship his grain to get it to Vancouver, so if this highway were put through it would save the farmers of my district and the whole of the Peace River country a large sum of money. This road would mean that most of our goods from tidewater would be a lot cheaper. If people will go to see Niagara Falls that have a drop of 160 feet, don't you think they would be apt to go and see falls that have a drop of 210 feet and are 150 yards across? That would mean a tourist trade and so collect a revenue. My district would get a share in that. The Monkman Pass Highway would help to open up our natural resources that are very extensive; it would open up new hunting and farm lands; it would open up new fishing lakes that are well stocked with trout, and we ship our grain to Edmonton we are on a consumer's market, but when the Monkman Pass Highway is completed and we ship our grain to Vancouver we will be on a producer's market. That will mean a better price for our grain. We would be able to ship our grain to the interior of B. C. and bring back a load of fruit that is now so hard to get.

So we find that the Monkman Pass Highway would save the farmers of the Peace River and my district many thousands of dollars. Yes, it would save money for the people of this "God-forsaken country," as it is sometimes called by some of the people of the outside world, but in which live people of great integrity and undying spirit, who are cutting their own road to the sea.

Surely Alex Monkman, the man who has done so much for the people of this country, will go down in history as a great discoverer and the founder of the Monkman Pass Highway and who led the people "on to the Outside" when the government refused to aid them and whose slogans are "On to the Pacific" and "If you want a road you must build it yourself, not wait on the governments or the railroad companies."

"My District" Guess Which and Who

Percy and Sylvester left their Homestead on one evening at Twilight to seek a spot by the Red Willow where the Beaver Lodge.

After crossing Two Rivers and climbing a steep Mountain Trail they suddenly overtook Claire Mohr. Let us walk along with them and listen to the conversation of the trio.

Percy to Claire: "Oh, hello! What is your Sexsmith?"

Claire (coldly): "Don't be so Faust, young Falher. I am just a lass from Richmond Hill, but my father is a real Canuck. I am feeling rather Moody today after eating Currie for dinner—it has given me a Bad Heart attack."

Percy: "Follow us, fair maiden, and keep a stiff Tupper lip, we will give you a Somme water from Crystal Creek and maybe find you a Blue Berry or a Saskatoon unless Simonette them all."

Claire: "Good Smoky it is! It was Albright and beautiful when I left Valley View, with a Bluesky overhead."

Sylvester: "Yes, it is Smoky, but you can't blame me for it, my Pipestone cold, but I guess it's just old Hal Court taking a Flying Shot at a Sturgeon. Listen! Another one! He always shakes like an Aspen Ridge."

Claire (angrily): "Dammit!" I wonder where McHenry is? I feel a Hired Girl's Dene to Rolla a Mile and McHenry is never where I Wanham!"

Percy: "Claire, do you know your Brown Vale is torn?"

Claire: "Yes, I did that this morning when I was unfastening DeBolt of my Teepee."

Percy: "Wa'a'pity." You should have used my Blythe, it was hanging on the Cornwall."

Sylvester: "How much is that Ainsworth? It's the best I have seen in this library. Let's light a fire beneath it and watch its Lymburn."

Percy: "No, No! Don't!! That tree belongs to the Allen. He gave me a Hinton the Trail the other day that he had sold it to Rycroft, who was having Ed's Bone to Rolla a Mile and"

Claire: "How Molde of him to spoil this Fairview by cutting it and the Ashdown somebody must have Itasaw at his Brain'ard. However the wicked flourish like a green Bay Tree, but all of us have to cross La Glace of the Spirit River before we reach Valhalla."

Percy: "Yes, and after we have fought St. John, let's hope the Monkman will let us Pass in time to obtain a Morning View of Prince George. They tell me it's a Rio Grande sight."

All together: "Let's shake Hands and on that wish."



ALONG THE WAPITI NEAR PIPESTONE CREEK

Link Between The Peace River And Coast Would Be Supplied By Monkman Pass Highway

By Jean Mackie

"I hear the tide of pioneers
Of cities yet to be,
The first low wash of waves
Where soon shall roll a human sea."
—Whittier.

* * *

The prophecies forecast in this in verse have never been more vividly and romantically fulfilled than in the history of the Peace River country. From the time of Mackenzie's first trip through to the Pacific Coast approximately one hundred and fifty years ago, the population of this country has steadily increased. Its primary industry then, of course, was surveying and trapping. From the few followers of this trade in 1800 to the present population of 80,000 we have an intensely interesting drama of hardships and development.

The Peace River itself was the main artery of trade and communication. Primitive but sufficient! As the city of Edmonton grew in importance the channels of trade drifted that way, until it soon became known as the "Gateway of the North." The long winds trails of Athabasca and of Edson then came into existence, the rigorous trials and triumphs of each holding an unfailing interest to settlers of later years.

To residents of Peace River statistics of its area, resources, attractions, etc., are familiar. Its area comprising nearly 145,000 square miles, of which 6,000,000 acres are suitable for agriculture. Already its grain output has exceeded 10,000,000 bushels. Specializing in grain, legumes and stock has proved exceptionally profitable. An abundance of coal has been established. The possibilities rank high for potential waterpower, mineral deposits, natural gas and oil wells. Including its proximity to the bituminous sands and the minerals of the Far North, we have an unusually rich accumulation of natural resources. Due to lack of development these are, as yet, in a dormant state.

Man's interference has made very little impression on the peerless efforts of Nature's handiwork, thus offering to the outdoor-loving tourist a landscape that "twas ever thus." The climate is stimulating and conducive to energetic living. The soil is fairly high, average 2,500 feet above sea-level. There is sufficient precipitation to meet all needs of the country.

All this is east of the Rockies! West, we have entirely different conditions. The boys' life in the production of fruits and domestic requirements. British Columbia—a land of minerals and fruits and fish, large and growing seaports with world trade. Assets, that if linked with those of our district would provide opportunity for the entire Province only the Coast province itself but with that of all the world.

The proposed Monkman Pass Highway would ably fulfil this link. Geographically, the route is the natural drain of the entire Peace River country to that work seaport and city with a great future—Vancouver!

From an economic standpoint it is the most favorable of any through the Rockies—the route is short, approximately 132 miles of which is fine. The Pass itself is of the lowest, only 3,550 feet above sea level, or less than 1,000 feet above the average altitude of the Peace River country. It is of sufficient width to prevent blocking by winter snows. Gravel is available all along the naturally firm roadbed.

Its scenic and tourist attractions rival those of any highway on the North American continent. Ideal locations for tourist resorts and hunting lodges are found anywhere along the route. Excellent fishing and wild fruits in abundance. The rivers give great promise of potential waterpower, including the Kinuseo Falls on the Murray River, which is also an appealing beauty spot. Of what material value to us are all these qualities if inaccessible to the money-spending tourist?

The commercial value of this highway would depend on the type of surface applied. If hard-surfaced to accommodate the heavies of modern trucks and vans, then road transportation of the products of this district to the Coast and vice versa could be carried on at a much reduced freight rate as compared to that of the railway. A gravel surface would limit the weight of loads carried, thus increasing the cost of transportation. Whichever it is to be rests on the cooperation received from the Peace River people.

Its strategic position in the event of Canada being attacked by an enemy is a strong factor in favor of its construction. It is to be hoped that it will never have to be used as an implement of war but, nevertheless, its value must not be overlooked.

The Monkman Pass Highway would provide one more link of the Trans-Canada Highway, which is still under construction. A tour of Canada would not be complete if it did not include the Peace River country (and that means us, too). With the increase in the extent of the drought-stricken area of the West, the country of the Peace is fast becoming the main source of Canada's agricultural revenue—already the main output has exceeded 10,000,000 bushels. After crossing through hundreds of miles of dust-blown, grassless areas, what a sight to ease the sore heart is Peace River's lush green rolling landscape.

Besides being a money-back guarantee to us, it would make frequent pleasure trips within the reach of many. An occasional week-end at the Coast would be the ideal boon to the busy farmer, who can rarely spare a long holiday.

After long years of cautious thought and calculation we obtained an inlet into our district in 1916 in the form of a railroad. Present-day methods of speedy communication should cut down on time needed to start the "wheels of action grinding" an outlet. We are 80,000 strong and each one can do his "bit" toward achieving this goal. Ambition is stimulated by striving for a certain goal and that ambition is recognized only when it is made active.

The Peace River country has been and still is a land of pioneers. The first pioneers settled here, realized the potential values of the country then agitated for an inlet and were granted one. Their strivings were not in vain, progress of development. Ours are, too, but in a slightly different manner. We are going to—wards a land already rich and developed in the qualities we desire. We are extending an invitation to commerce to flow through our country. The old pioneers have passed on the "torch"—are we going to "hold it high"?

* * *

Alexander Mackenzie's spirit encourages the progress of the construction of this highway, over the shortest, easiest route to the sea—and salutes the foresight of his kindred follower — Alexander Monkman.

PEORIA MAN TELLS BENEFIT OF MONKMAN PASS HIGHWAY

By W. H. Mozlay

The people of the Peace River country are making a great effort for an outlet directly to British Columbia which will give its citizens a more extensive experience of the world. Shortening of transportation routes to the sea coast will enable people to realize an education by comparison and contact with conditions that now they only know by literature. To view the ever-changing ocean, the ships moving so life-like upon the sea, the docked vessels loading and discharging their cargoes of such varied merchandise. The Monkman Pass Highway will give Peace River people an opportunity for all this, whereas in the past their only route was exclusive. The Monkman Pass Highway will be socially and economically of great benefit to the producers of farm products. Markets increased in number, less expense in transportation and improvement generally.

Long live the present enthusiasm for the M. P. H.

FARM LAND VALUES

Farm land values in the Peace River country are lower than the average for Canada as a whole, the average value of occupied farm lands in Canada being estimated at $24 per acre for the third year in succession. Farm land values have been declining since 1928, when they were reported at $38 per acre. A low point of $23 per acre was reached in 1934 and an increase to $24 occurred in 1935, since when the values for Canada as a whole have remained at that figure.

Only a limited number of extra copies of this issue have been printed, so order what you need at once and avoid disappointment.

With Highway Completed This Vast Country Would Be Happy Land For Holiday Seekers

By M. C. Wright

That many benefits can be derived by this Peace River country from the Monkman Pass Highway is most apparent. These benefits, I feel, apply as much to each district of this country, whatever its geographical relation to the highway may be, as to those lying closest to the highway.

I would suggest that the most important benefit derived by all is from the fact that since the inception of the original idea new life and hope have been put into everyone of this country, new desires its interest development and external recognition.

This country has, in the past, suffered from the feeling, alas a fact, of being closed off from its nearest and most natural marketing point—the Pacific Coast and Vancouver harbor. This fact has been a great discouragement to the people from developing and producing those resources of which we have such a bounteous supply in this country.

At present we have only one door to this great country and the only exit of persons or commodities must at present be made to a point inland before any connection can be established with the western seaboard. And this seaboard, actually a distance west of a little over seven hundred miles can at present only be reached after covering nearly twice that distance. With the Monkman Pass Highway completed we can ship logically to the west into British Columbia, where at Hansard railroad connection is made to the Pacific Coast.

But not only can this highway be so beneficial to us all as an exit, it is as much so as an entrance. Surely we are justified in assuming that the country will draw visitors and prospective settlers from the west? Can we imagine a more finest invitation to our neighbors, who, if we are to develop our own country, we must get to know and whose problems and hopes we must share. This highway could also stimulate the interest of those living to the east and south of us. The country through which the highway will pass offers examples of some of the most beautiful scenery in Canada, scenery which those of us here and many outside if we are to see it must now start the "wheels of action grinding" an outlet. We are 80,000 strong and each one can do his "bit" toward achieving this goal. Ambition is stimulated by striving for a certain goal and that ambition is recognized only when it is made active.

The Peace River country has been and still is a land of pioneers. The first pioneers settled here, realized the potential values of the country then agitated for an inlet and were granted one. Their strivings were not in vain, progress of development. Ours are, too, but in a slightly different manner. We are going towards a land already rich and developed in the qualities we desire. We are extending an invitation to commerce to flow through our country. The old pioneers have passed on the "torch"—are we going to "hold it high"?

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SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRY

THE village of Sexsmith is located 13 miles north of Grande Prairie on the highway to Dunvegan and Peace River. Although only boasting a population of 300 people, Sexsmith serves one of the largest and most important districts south of the Peace River. It is the shopping and shipping centre of an area that embraces territory several miles to the south, to the Rycroft area, 30 miles north; to Valhalla, 30 miles west; and east to the Smoky 20 miles. Not only is that area large in extent, it is one of the richest and most diversified in the Peace River country. Besides the rich farming lands which produce grain and livestock in quantity and quality, it is the shipping centre of the famous Valhalla dairy output. It is the centre of a lumbering industry that has only scratched the surface of its possibilities. And it still has homestead lands to develop for those who are of the pioneer breed.

Then you ask, what is it waiting for? With all those riches at her very door, why hasn't Sexsmith gone places in a bigger way? Why aren't there thriving hives of industry and the population of a city? Well, as every Peace River resident knows, there is the problem of transportation. We must ship hundreds of miles by a roundabout way to Edmonton, an inland city that must, in turn, ship our produce more hundreds of miles to the coast. That problem alone has held back our district and the whole country. All that has kept it growing and alive at all has been the unquenchable faith of the pioneers that the long promised outlet to the sea would be built. For years we fed upon vague promises without substantiation. Now, we are again fired with hope, but this time it is built on something concrete. The Monkman Pass Highway Association has given new impetus to our life and work. Here is something solid to get our teeth into and never let go until our produce starts rumbling in huge trucks over the Monkman Pass into Prince George and thence to Vancouver. That's what the Monkman Pass means to Sexsmith and district.

Back in the "trail" days of 1911-12, there came into the vast park-land area around what is now Sexsmith, a sturdy band of pioneers who were willing to brave the hardships of homesteading, the long distance "outside," for they were practically cut-off from the rest of the province except for the winter overland trail to Edson, all the comforts to which they had been accustomed because they believed in the promises of railways and governments that a rail outlet to the Pacific was absolutely guaranteed. They also believed in the future of the wonderful new country, its unlimited possibilities. Well, the first faith proved to be founded on sand, but they were right about the other. In spite of the failure of the outlet, these pioneers went on bravely from year to year, breaking, seeding, clearing, and spreading their fertile district farther and farther.

When the E.D. & B.C. arrived in 1916, from the north instead of from the south, as they had hoped and believed at first, the early settlers did not lose faith. They kept working for the day when it would be impossible for governments to refuse them an outlet, by growing bigger and better crops. They now have seven elevators —four with annexes—and a total capacity of 370,000 bushels of grain. Nearly two million bushels of grain were shipped from the Sexsmith elevators in 1936. And this will increase each year because new homesteads are being wrested from the bush country to the north each year. Even now, Sexsmith is the heaviest grain shipping point in the Peace River country.

There were years when grain growing did not pay because of the low prices and freight charges that ate up not only profit but capital. Then the Sexsmith farmers turned to livestock and mixed farming. Stock could consume low priced grain and save the situation until the coast outlet was built. Now they have three stockyards, and the Grande Prairie District Co-operative Livestock Shipping Association, familiarly known as the Stock Pool, has its headquarters in Sexsmith. This Pool handles heavy shipments of cattle, sheep and hogs. There are now two stock trains monthly which make quick trips to Edmonton stockyards, but how much better if that finished stock, fed on the rich hay and grain of the fertile district, could reach the much more important market at Vancouver in the same time? It would open the way to meat shipments all over the world. It can be done, if the highway through the Monkman Pass is finished so that

(Continued on Page Seven)

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SEXSMITH IN WINTER TIME, AS SEEN FROM THE AIR
This picture was taken by Jack Neys, pioneer aviator of Sexsmith, who owns his own aeroplane.

Fred McNaughton

★ ★ ★

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Phone 5 WEMBLEY



"ALONG THE WAPITI"

This stream flows through the southern part of the district tributary to Wembley. Joining the Smoky River, the waters of both empty into the Peace near the town of Peace River

PROBABLY no place name in the Peace River country is so well known to wheat growers the world over as that of "Wembley," for in the Wembley district are the homes of Herman Trelle and his many disciples, old and young, for more than a decade winners of many world championships in wheat, oats and other cereals—until now it has become a saying at provincial and international shows, "It's those Wembley exhibitors we have to beat to win."

Wembley district is ideally located to grow prize-winning grains. It is a fine agricultural region, has good soil that lies nicely and much of it might be described has having a "southerly exposure." There are many fine and well-established farms. In the north part are the communities of Lake Saskatoon, Hermit Lake, West Bear Lake, Scenic Heights, La Glace and Buffalo Lakes; on the east Dimsdale; on the west Huallen, and south lie Millarston, Pipestone Creek and the new settlements across the Wapiti River. All of these, with the exception of the new settlements across the Wapiti, are, comparatively speaking, old districts, well developed and well farmed. The new settlements give promise of also being equal to the best and some of the places "Along the Wapiti" might with reason claim to be almost within the "banana belt."

Besides being favored agriculturally, Wembley district has a picturesque setting. To the northwest, in between Wembley and Beaver Lodge, is the height of land known as Saskatoon Mountain, from the summit of which can be seen seven or eight lakes, most of them in the Wembley district or adjacent to it, the more outstanding ones being Lake Saskatoon, Hermit Lake and Bear Lake. Lake Saskatoon is a beautiful crystal clear sheet of water a few miles from the town of Wembley and in summer time is a popular camping place for Girl Guides, Boy Scouts and other organizations. It has a pavilion. A peninsular in the lake is named Saskatoon Island and attracts many berry-pickers during the season, for it is covered with saskatoon bushes which bear large-sized luscious berries in bounteous quantity. On the "Island," too, some of the Indians gather too pick berries and their teepees during their stay at the lake give a touch of color to the charming scene of lake and bush land.

Being directly on the route to Monkman Pass, via the Lower Beaver Lodge road, Wembley district people on clear days can see on the southern sky-line the Rocky Mountains, through which the Monkman Pass Highway will be the Peace River country's shortest way to the sea.

Having for many years supported the burden of a round-about route that takes them many hundreds of miles out of the way when going to the coast, the people of Wembley district now longingly look forward to the closing of the gap between their farms and Prince George, between them and the markets of the Coast. That is why they are whole-heartedly supporting the Monkman Pass highway project, for construction of that road means a lessening of the almost unbearable handicap of a long and wasteful round-about freight haul.

And these people are well deserving of having such handicap removed. Many of them are pioneers, coming in even before the present railway was built into the district; coming in because they had the pioneer spirit (they still have it); coming in because they were led to expect a railway to the Coast would soon be built. Bush and wild prairie land they have changed into thrifty farms, a wilderness into a well-settled district. Schools have been built and all the best traditions of Canadian life upheld. Now, climaxing all, along with the peoples of like spirit in other districts of the Peace River country, both north and south of the river, they are cooperating in an epic attempt to build for themselves what their governments so far have refused them—the country's natural birthright of a short road to the sea.

Ever the mountains beckon, and this coming summer the people of the Wembley district will be in the van: each individual, or a representative with axe and shovel fighting to overcome the Peace River country's biggest handicap—lack of a coast outlet. Last year considerable work was done, but this year, with the impetus gained, will see much more accomplished and victory in sight.

It takes consistent and patient effort to win world championships; it will take consistent and patient effort to "put over" the Monkman Pass Highway. People of the Wembley district have proved they have "what it takes." Trekking over the Edson Trail to the Peace River country was quite a proposition; to those hardy pioneers opening of the Monkman Pass Highway trail is almost a picnic. Yes, the people of Wembley and district expect to do their share and to be there when the last shovelful of road work connects Monkman Pass Highway with the caribou one.

The spirit of cooperation is highly developed among the people of Wembley and district. When the people of Lake Saskatoon wanted a curling rink, they got together, cut and hauled the logs and built their rink, all by voluntary effort. Their fine example has been copied by others. It is the same regarding schools. In several districts when a school became necessary, and funds were low, the people cooperated and by voluntary effort built a schoolhouse.

This cooperative spirit is evident in many other ways—in sports, in concerts, socials and plays. Sport days, with their baseball and basketball tournaments, rodeos, etc., draw big crowds. In winter bonspiels are outstanding examples of cooperation and hospitality. During the past season hockey, too, was a feature, interdistrict games being played with much rivalry but good sportsmanship.

Probably the finest example of the cooperative spirit and friendliness is the annual picnic of the Oldtimers' Association at Lake Saskatoon. On that day the oldtimers from near and far gather and there is much of the wonderful comradeship that made possible the opening of a new land that some day will be one of the best jewels in Canada's treasure.

Take it all in all, Wembley district is one good reason why there should be an outlet to the Coast and why, sooner or later, there will be one. Another reason is that, roughly figured, some of the water that flows past Vancouver's south door starts its journey to the sea less than one hundred miles from Wembley—meaning that with the exception of a "hump" about 1,000 feet high, there is a water grade to the sea.



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The Wembley Hardware

POLICY is to support wholeheartedly every progressive movement in the Peace River country and particularly in the district it will be found that the Bunyins are always working for the good of all.

This policy naturally lends itself to boost the Monkman Pass Highway, and we take this opportunity to appeal to all to support this project with more than just talk. Put your dollars behind it. If everyone in the Peace River country put up $2.00 each, we could put the road through in short order.

Let's all get behind it, for this effort is attracting Canada wide attention and it will likely solve our most urgent need—A COAST OUTLET

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While the approach to Monkman Pass Highway from the east is through Grande Prairie and Wembley, and from the west through Hythe (the Peace River Block has a separate route through Fellers Heights), both east and west roads converge at Rio Grande, in the Beaver Lodge district, to begin the Monkman Pass Highway.

It was logical, therefore, that the initiative in commencing work for such highway should be with residents of this district, and nobly they responded to the call. Due to the efforts of such men as the McNaughts, J. O. Johnson and Alex Watts, aided by the Smiths (including especially Mrs. Hazard-Smith), Alex Monkman himself and others, the Monkman Pass route through the Rocky Mountains has become possible, because it is now widely known as the shortest and best route from the Peace River country to the sea.

Cooperation comes naturally to the founders of the Beaver Lodge district, for they have been cooperating with each other ever since they came into the country during the 1908-9 and later treks to the North, and by cooperating with newcomers have developed the spirit of one for all and all for one until the outstanding keynote of the whole district—and adjoining ones, too—is cooperation.

Bounded on the southwest by the Rockies, whose peaks tower in sublime grandeur some seventy miles or more from the village of Beaver Lodge, centre of the settled portion of the district, since pioneer days it has been a dream of the settlers to go to the coast by a short route through the mountains, but it was not until the fall of 1936 that a plan began to take tangible form and the Monkman Pass Highway Association was formed.

As stated, cooperation is in the blood of these people. In pioneer days they had to cooperate one with the other. Only by mutual help was it possible to brave and overcome the Grouard, Peace and Edson trails, the routes into the country twenty-five or more years ago; only by helping each other could the virgin bush land be cleared, the open prairi broken and made into thrifty, prosperous farms. The story of those pioneer days is an epic one of settlers assisting each other.

Having made successful farming communities, it was inevitable such enterprising settlers would seek a solution to the country's transportation problem of high freight rates, which had come about chiefly because of the roundabout way settlement had taken place, detoured by mountains and other obstacles. In pioneer days the long freight haul did not mean so much, because tonnage was small, but with the remarkable development of the past 25 years amount of tonnage into and out of the country has grown enormously and now it is urgent that a short road and cheap transportation to tidewater be furnished. And the settlers of the Beaver Lodge district are determined that such road shall be constructed and cheap transportation be made available, and have imbued the people of the whole Peace River country with the same determination.

They are not dreamers, they are not promoters, they are not politicians; they are farmers—practical men who have made wilderness into prosperous farms, built roads to their homesteads and roads from community to community. To them putting a road through the mountains is all in the day's work—just the breaking down of another barrier preventing them from reaching their biggest market by the best and shortest route. Peace River country is their homeland—one to be proud of. Their ambitions centre in it, and they look forward to the time when with proper transportation facilities it will be literally a land flowing with milk and honey, not to mention its present large stream of golden grain.

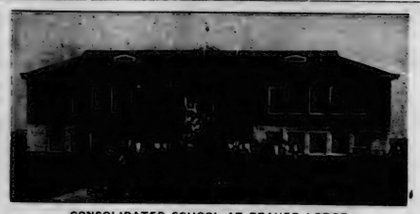
Settlement in the district really began with the 1908-9 trek, but before that time trappers were there and the odd landseeker had arrived.

Beaver Lodge proper started then, though not on the present site, but at old Beaver Lodge. Name of the first post office on Grande Prairie was also Beaver Lodge, but it was located at the Revillon store at Lake Saskatoon, several miles away.

The land being fertile and location ideal, settlement was rapid and soon other communities besides Beaver Lodge were formed and in the Beaver Lodge district there are now such prosperous farming centres as Appleton, Halcourt, Two Rivers, Elmsworth, Rio Grande, Hazelmere, Hinton Trail, Mount Saskatoon, Huallen, Albright, etc. Some of these centres are also tributary to other towns, like Albright to Hythe and Huallen to Wembley. Each of these places have pioneers who trekked into the country twenty years or so ago, took up homesteads and made farms of them. Many of these farms are fully up-to-date, some using current from the power line which passes through the district. For instance, the farm in Huallen district homesteaded by that well known and highly esteemed pioneer the late Amos Sherk, and now operated by his sons. A list of all the good farms in the Beaver Lodge district would be quite lengthy.

Of course, with such a background and with such farming communities to support it, the town of Beaver Lodge is thriving and progressive. Each year it ships large quantities of commercial and seed grain and many carloads of cattle and hogs. Cooperation is the keynote here too. Anything for the good and welfare of the district is fully supported. In this connection may be mentioned the new hospital building just completed. Several years ago it became evident better hospital facilities were needed for both town and district, especially in winter time so prominent citizens got together and circulated a petition for a sub-hospital; that was signed practically one hundred per cent. Demand for a sub-hospital was denied by the Municipal Hospital Board. The people of the communities concerned again got together and cooperatively—by donations, concerts, plays and dances—raised some $12,000, with the result that there is now a fine, modern hospital building ready to serve the community. The work done to achieve this is a shining example of cooperation by all the communities in Beaver Lodge district.

Another example is the fine consolidated school located at Beaver Lodge. The first school to be built on the prairie was built in the old town of Beaver Lodge. When the railway was extended to Beaver Lodge, this old school was skidded down to the new townsite. Afterwards a large four-room brick school was built, and in it are taught grades I to XII. Shrubs and trees have been planted round this school and its grounds are in keeping with a town that is the home of one of the Dominion's experimental sub-stations.



CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL AT BEAVER LODGE
The grounds of this handsome four-room brick school-house have been planted to trees and shrubs and in summer time are very attractive and add much to the town's appearance.

Of course there is a Board of Trade—one of the best—and this organization is ever wide-awake to see no opportunity to advance interests of town or district is missed. Tradition has it that Beaver Lodge got its name from the beavers that built their lodges along the river that flows past. An oldtimer of the district, who on many a moonlight night had the pleasure of seeing them work, testifies that these beavers were no slouches at felling trees to build their dams. And members of the Beaver Lodge Board of Trade are no slouches when it comes to supporting public enterprises. They are one hundred per cent behind the Monkman Pass highway project.

Beaver Lodge has a new large brick hotel, with all modern conveniences. In fact it is the last word in hotel service. Showing the growth of town and district, this hotel, built only a little over a year ago, already has been added to several times.

Stores and other businesses of the town also have what might be termed "the Beaver Lodge spirit"—the motto of the Three Musketeers, "One for all and all for one." Beaver Lodge has all that other towns of the Peace River have—up-to-date stores and modern services, etc.—and some things others lack—for instance, a first-class photographer's studio. It was at the Beaver Lodge studio many of the pictures and slides illustrating Monkman Pass Highway lectures were made.

The town also has a golf course, a beautiful expanse of hill, with a good water hazard and precipice hazard—also a magnificent view of the Rocky Mountains. In fact, the very mountain peak round which the Monkman Pass road is being cut is seen.

One mile east of Beaver Lodge and part way up the slope of Saskatoon Mountain is the Dominion Experimental Substation.

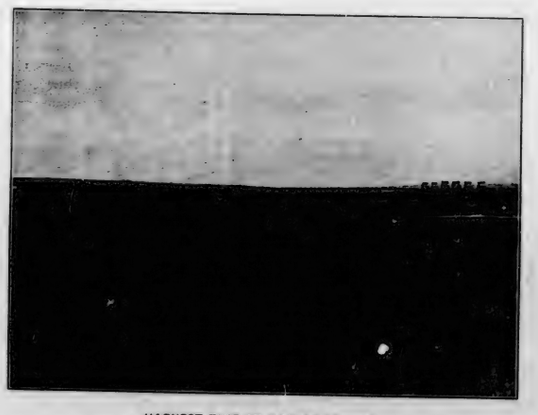
The summit of Saskatoon Mountain has been set aside as a park by the government. It is a beautiful spot and has a splendid view. From the top of this mountain many lakes can be seen on a clear day. At the foot of the east side of the mountain is Lake Saskatoon, in the Wembley district, with another park set aside for camping and swimming. Here nice buildings have been erected by cooperative effort of all nearby districts and the camp grounds are being improved every year.

Writing of camp grounds, in the Beaver Lodge district are three outstanding ones—one on the Beaver Lodge River, a favorite of Boy Scouts; and two on the Red Willow River, one at Halcourt and the other at Rio Grande.

The camp ground at Halcourt is near the bridge south of Halcourt store. Here there is a fine swimming hole and the adjoining park land has been improved by cooperative effort of Halcourt people.

At Rio Grande a beautiful spot on the Red Willow River has been made

(Continued on Page Five)



HARVEST TIME AT BEAVER LODGE
In the distance can be seen Beaver Lodge's six elevators and in the foreground some of the reason why there are six. Beaver Lodge soil is very fertile and the district has been called the "Garden of Eden," while to the west is the "Banana Belt." An average yield of oats has been around 65 to 75 bushels to the acre, and there have been yields well over 100 bushels to the acre. Wheat average has been 25 to 35 bushels to the acre, and under favorable conditions has yielded 60 to 65 bushels to the acre. It is such production that makes the Monkman Pass Highway imperative.

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PHONE 14 BEAVER LODGE

GATEWAY TO MONKMAN PASS HIGHWAY

(Continued from Page Four)

into attractive camp and sports grounds, where the annual sports days are held. There is a grandstand, corrals for rodeo, basketball courts and baseball diamond, all supplied through the cooperation of the people of the district.

How did this spirit of cooperation throughout the Beaver Lodge district come into being. Perhaps the following, written by an oldtimer of the Beaver Lodge district will explain:

"The mail came to Beaver Lodge post office (at that time in Revillon's store, Lake Saskatoon) from Spirit River by stage once a month. Here you would see the gathering of the clans. Varied and unique were the conveyances—some on horseback, some driving oxen, perhaps a cow and a horse hitched together; a horse and buggy being a novelty and envied by all. (Two neighbors coming to the Beaver Lodge district were known as Cow Crabbe and Bull Crabbe — one drove a team of cows in from Edmonton, and one a team of oxen. Cow Crabbe did all his farming operations with these cows, as well as getting his milk, cream and butter from them. Talk about your cooperation!)

"After arriving at the post office, if the mail wasn't sorted, some one would take the mail bag, dump it out on the floor, and you hunted out your own mail." More cooperation!

"Beaver Lodge proper was settled by people coming from Ontario to take up farming, with cooperation as their password. The first threshing machine and flour mill were owned by these cooperative farmers, threshing their own and their neighbors' grain and making their own flour. The old steam threshing machine is still running as a cooperative concern and the company has always enough money in the bank to carry the shareholders over the coming season, without a sacrifice of grain to meet threshing expenses, the spirit of true cooperation always prevailing. 'Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth (I Cor. 10-24). In this way the best of communities are built up, with those who will cooperate.

"As time went on these original farmers started in business—a store, butcher shop, restaurant, roominghouse, cream gathering station, telegraph and post office added, and so the nucleus of a town was established. Since then there has been added a large community hall, new bank, several large stores, modern hotel, curling rink, ice rink, two churches, six elevators, a large station, three garages, two blacksmith shops, pool room and barber shop, photo gallery, etc., and a consolidated school."

And there you have it. That is why, in spite of obstacles, in spite of near-sighted opposition, the people of this and neighboring districts have carried on, last summer hacking out 60 miles of road to Stony Lake, achieving the first objective on their road to the sea. This year they have the backing of practically the whole Peace River country. Will the Monkman Pass Highway come to pass?

Beaverlodge Experimental Substation---

Where "It Is a Pleasure As Well As a Duty To Serve"

No account of the Beaver Lodge district would be complete without mention of the Experimental Substation.

The story of its founding and development is an inspiration, as it demonstrates what can be accomplished by vision coupled with perseverance, thrift and courage.

Nearly twenty-four years ago, W. D. Albright walked into the Peace River country over the Grouard trail. At least he walked more than half way; the balance he waded through mud. On first one shoulder and then the other he packed a shotgun to augment his larder.

The following, taken from The Tribune's Exhibit Number last July, continues the story:

"Mr. Albright's inborn enthusiasm for agriculture had been whetted by ten years of agricultural journalism, hence it was natural for him to ask questions of all he met. Marquis wheat was new. Was it adapted? What was the most suitable variety of oats, of barley, peas, etc.? Was winter wheat a success? Had anyone tried alfalfa, sweet clover, tame grasses? Was it worth while attempting small fruits? Were there any trees, shrubs, flowers that would make homes homelike?

"These and a hundred other questions he put to settlers, right and left, but inconclusive were the replies. To help answer them himself, he wrote his friend, Dr. J. H. Grisdale, then Director of Experimental Farms, offering to make a few simple tests if supplied with the seed. The Director readily complied, pointing out, however, that no remuneration could be allowed since there was already a man named S. J. Webb experimenting in the Grande Prairie district and sending in some very interesting reports. Curiously enough, Mr. Webb's first address was Beaver Lodge, that being at one time the name of the post office afterwards called Lake Saskatoon and later superseded by Wembley.

"Information rather than money being the objective, Mr. Albright made the tests. They were crudely conducted, he admits, for though somewhat schooled in scientific agriculture, he was untrained in the technique of plot work, which is an art in itself. The cereals were sown with a 20-run seeder, hauled by four lumbering oxen. It was difficult to get the little sacks of grain to spin out the full length of the plots and these had to be trimmed to irregular lengths. Nowadays, the 14-run seeder is cleaned out with an air blast created by electric motor, but then there was neither a bellows nor a bicycle pump. The experimentalist and his hired man ran out what they could, brushed the stray grains down into the cups, leaned over and blew them out with their breath. Mr. Albright acknowledges he had some difficulty in creating enough draft, but the hired man, who was an American, could do it quite easily.'

"The grains grew, presenting some interesting comparisons, though few visitors came to see them. One day, however, an eager University lad manifested a degree of interest. Twelve years later, after he had won both the wheat and oat championship in one year at Chicago, Herman Trelle was asked:

"'What first interested you in good grain?'

"'I am not sure it wasn't those first few plots I saw at Beaver Lodge,' he replied.

"In autumn the plot sheaves were spread on a wagon cover and pounded out by hand. It was slow work. The Marquis was particularly tough to separate. Day after day the amateur experimentalist pounded away, determined to get a complete separation of all varieties in the interest of a fair test. Genius has been called an infinite capacity for taking pains. No pain — or pains — was spared. The chaffy grain was winnowed in the wind, carefully cleaned and accurately weighed. In early winter the report went to Ottawa. The problems of the Peace had not all been solved but the officials discerned interest. Dr. Grisdale wrote back that as Mr. Webb was leaving the country (for service overseas, as it turned out), the Department was prepared to pay the new homesteader $200 a year to repeat his tests.

"Now this was not what Mr. Albright had come West to do. During his ten years of journalism he had looked forward to getting out of the salary chains, working a piece of land of his own, and seeing what he could do making a living off the land. However, he still wanted more local information and $200 a year in a homestead country would hire a man to "punch the bulls," leaving him free to write an occasional article and do other work. So in 1915 he experimented again and ripened a pumpkin with which to celebrate Thanksgiving.

"The next year the Department raised the ante to $400, and in 1917 it was running the same until in June the Director wrote that he expected heavy immigration to the Peace after the war and many problems would arise, and some one should be ready with the answers, hence he proposed to lease twenty acres of land and pay the proprietor a part-time salary to look after the work. This time Mr. Albright hesitated longer. It would be the parting of the ways. If he took the proposition on he would be in honor bound to continue and it would soon monopolize his attention. Besides, Canada seemed just then to be needing more men overseas. Upon the insistent advice of friends, however, he finally gave an affirmative answer and from that day forward put his shoulder to the wheel to develop the work."

And that is how Beaverlodge Experimental substation started.

Living up to the Substation's motto, "It is a pleasure as well as a duty to serve," D. W. Albright, ever since making his decision, has devoted himself whole-heartedly and unstintingly to every phase of Experimental Substation activity. In good weather or bad he has travelled extensively over the country, going wherever invited to give addresses, often illustrated with lantern slides of his own production. No agricultural endeavor or civic duty has been side-stepped; always he has responded to the best of his ability. During the past winter he has added broadcasting lectures to his program, and has spoken in support of the Monkman Pass Highway.

Under his guidance Beaverlodge Experimental Substation has truly blossomed and because of his ever-ready friendliness to all has become not merely another government institution but an inspiration to Peace River farmers. The Substation also demonstrates the benefits of cooperation, for while it may appear very much the success of one man's effort, in reality that man always has cooperated to the fullest extent with his employees and others, whether for individual or community good. In return he has received cooperation from all.

It has been often remarked what a fine lot of men have composed the Beaver lodge staff, which has at one time or another numbered two excounts and many men who have since worked themselves into good positions. The policy is to take on new men and let them earn advancement. Practically all the graduates have started at the basic laborer's rate, and been increased as they demonstrated capacity. A well-known college professor remarked that he knew of no better place than Beaver lodge for a man to get a year or two of experience after graduation. The smooth running of the organization is credited by those in position to know to be due to the kindly but efficient administration of Mr. Albright.

The Substation farm today consists of three quarter sections, of which fifty acres are supposed to be leased for small plots, though upwards of seventy are actually thus devoted. A modest set of farm buildings has been erected, including a fine gothic-roofed barn containing a water-storage gravity system.

It is a far call from the first crude plots and log buildings protected by rail fences, with few visitors, to the present up-to-date farm, electrically equipped, with its thousands of plots, its beautiful grounds, its machine-like organization and its thousands of visitors, all made possible because someone twenty-three years ago thought it worth while to be faithful in small things.

This tribute was paid by a detached observer, now living two thousand miles distant:

"The Beaverlodge experimental work is a live force in the farming community, as it should be. Albright never tires of preaching how to farm better and live better. The substation has a tremendous area to cover, but it is an effective force on the frontier."

To which might be added: "On Mount Saskatoon Mr. Albright has designed and built, much of it by his own hands, a beautiful monument to cooperation, courage and pioneer enterprise. Perhaps some day it may bear the title "Dominion Experimental Station" at its entrance facing the Peace River country's main road—the Monkman Pass Highway.



ON THE LAWN AT BEAVERLODGE EXPERIMENTAL SUBSTATION

Showing a happy crowd enjoying their Field Day lunch. During the summer many such picnics take place, for these gatherings are delightful. Often they are also educational, for many men prominent in agriculture attend and freely and socially give from their store of knowledge and experience. Many times it is difficult to tell the difference between entertainment and instruction.

Down By The Beaver Lodge River

In the background is seen the old village of Beaver Lodge before the railway came and most of the buildings were moved down to the new townsite. Lacking only a few cows or sheep and shepherd to be completely pastoral, the fine picture below, taken from Mr. Leake's collection of photographs, will bring back happy memories to oldtimers of Beaver Lodge district who chance to see it, recalling as it does many never-to-be-forgotten Twenty-fourths of May, the day when Beaver Lodge begins the round of sports days and picnics held throughout the Peace River country during the summer.



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Hythe *Land of Flowing Wells and Mixed Farming*

YES, "The Land of Flowing Wells." That is the first thought that comes to mind when one is asked about Hythe, for the number of flowing wells in the district is truly remarkable. With such an abundance of good water flowing freely from the tapped earth, it will be many years before Hythe has to worry about its water supply.

The town also has many other advantages. It is the centre of a splendid mixed farming region, of which Valhalla settlement to the north is probably best, though the Lymburn district to the west is rapidly forging ahead. To the south, reaching to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, is a fertile region, tributary to both Hythe and Beaver Lodge, that is served by roads that branch into the Monkman Pass Highway route. The rich Beaver Lodge district is on the eastern border. In the Valhalla district the pioneer settlers have built a creamery and developed a dairy industry that is a credit to the Peace River country. They have accomplished this despite the fact that Valhalla land was densely wooded with poplar trees. Also, in common with all the Peace River country, freight charges have been and still are a big handicap. These hardy Norsemen, mostly pioneers or sons of pioneers, both of Valhalla district and the districts of La Glace and Buffalo Lakes to the east, are a unit in support of the Monkman Pass highway project and have helped with money, goods and labor. Expert axe and saw men, they lead the way in clearing trail and swamping-out road.

But a Hythe business man's view of the district is better than that of a stranger. Writing in the Peace River Exhibit number of The Northern Tribune, Robert Allen had the following:

"Here you see a long undulating valley extending to Pouce Coupe, a valley that some day will be studded with the derricks of oil and gas wells—for here lies a natural oil basin, already proven by the drilling that has been done at Pouce Coupe and acknowledged by leading geologists who have reported that such a field lies northwest of Grande Prairie. What the future may hold for this district can only be conjectured as time and necessity may require.

"Perhaps it is due to the underlying strata of oil and gas that the Hythe area is famous as 'The Farming District with Flowing Wells,' the district's slogan.

"Not only do we raise over one million bushels of grain but also we ship on average six cars of stock every two weeks, with usually a carload of 1000-pound horses of beautiful Belgians, Percherons and Clydes.

"The Hythe district is the stockman's paradise owing to the fact that the most palatable water that ever tickled a throat can be found on every quarter section of land in the district by simply drilling a hole in the ground. There are two veins of water. If you stop at the first, you have a pumping well; if you go fifty feet deeper, nature does the pumping for you and you can pipe the water to your house for domestic use or to your barns for stock."

Another Hythe writer, Mrs. Maud M. McEwen, says:

"The natural beauty of the district is unsurpassed. Wild flowers of many varieties and colorings deck the roadsides and the fields. Wild roses, Alberta's emblem, grow in great abundance:

"'Where the winds come sweet
from the wild rose briers,
And the smoke of the far-off
forest fires.'

"Poplar and willow bluffs dot the landscape as far as the eye can see:

"'Far as the eye can reach it goes,
Farther yet, 'till there seems no
end,
Under a sky where blue and rose
With the gold and turquoise
softly blend.'

"To the southwest a long range of snow-capped Rocky Mountains stands like the Pillars of Hercules, as if guarding our country from some unknown invader."

Business men of Hythe are alert to help anything of benefit to the district and are well organized. Taking care of the sports end is the Hythe Athletic Association, a live-wire organization that owns its own large hall and sports ground. During the past winter Hythe's hockey team was outstanding. It was runner-up for the Canadian Utilities Cup, emblematic of the hockey championship for leagues south of the Peace River, but lost out to Clairmont in the final games.

Naturally, for such an important development project as the Monkman Pass Highway, Hythe people are enthusiastic and ready to back it to the limit. Situate on the main highway from the Peace River block to Edmonton, Hythe is keen for a highway that will go directly southwest to the Cariboo Highway at Prince George, also the Canadian National Railways' main line to Prince Rupert. As they see it, Monkman Pass Highway will open to all a new summer playground of mountains, lakes and fishing streams. Already some of Hythe's business men are planning to spend their summer vacation in this newly opened hunters' and fisherman's paradise, made available last year by the work done by the Monkman Pass Highway Association with the cutting of a road to Stony Lake, near top of the divide. No need now to make the long round-about trip to Banff or Jasper. The Peace River country has its own vacation land at its very door.

Even now Hythe district has a famous stopping place, Brainard's, "a house by the side of the road." It is a low rambling log building, and part of it has a sod roof. There are several other log buildings adjacent to it, but this particular one contains the kitchen where so many hundreds of meals have been prepared for tired and hungry travelers, truck drivers, British Columbia and Alberta police, and hundreds of pioneer people who passed along.

This hostelry lies to the west of Hythe and perhaps in the not too distant future there will be another one to the south, where tourists making the triangle trip of the Monkman Pass wonderland will be regaled with moose and bear steaks, Rocky Mountain trout and other delicacies of the region.



VALHALLA COOPERATIVE CREAMERY

This picture, taken several years ago, shows the creamery at Valhalla Centre, situated in the prosperous Norwegian settlement north of Hythe. Since the picture was taken the building has been considerably improved and the equipment added to. The creamery is one of the best in the Peace River country. Though covered in early days with a dense forest of poplar trees, the Valhalla district is now one of well-tilled fields and pastures, where many cows graze contentedly. In one year the creamery bought 141,295 pounds of butterfat and manufactured and sold 173,679 pounds of butter. This creamery was built in 1919 and has been in active operation ever since.



WELL-KNOWN BRAINARD STOPPING PLACE WEST OF HYTHE

Mrs. Brainard is seen with Inspector E. Radcliffe, left, and Corporal C. Martin, right (the latter now retired), of the R.C.M.P. In the background stands the famous stopping place, patronized by rich and poor. One afternoon in August, 1933, Lord and Lady Bessborough were served tea in this log-house.

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CLAIRMONT BY THE LAKE

The Little Town With The Big Heart

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GENERAL STORE
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CLAIRMONT
Grain Buyers
SUPPORT
MONKMAN PASS HIGHWAY
PROJECT
"The Shortest Route To The Coast"
BILL LEA, Midland Pacific
KEN OLSON, Alberta Pacific
HEDLEY JOHNSON, Northern Elevator
LARRY BAYNE, Alberta Pool
RUDOLPH CROKEN, United Grain Growers

CLAIRMONT, the little town with the big heart, whose people never do things in a half-hearted way in the community's various activities, so it was only natural when they decided to back the Monkman Pass highway project they did so one hundred per cent.

Quick to see the advantages to the Peace River if the proposed Monkman Pass Highway were built, they immediately got behind the idea and still have their shoulders to the wheel.

Anxious to do the most effective work a branch of the Monkman Pass Highway Association was formed and the organization immediately got to work and gave leadership to the people of the village and district. Hearty response immediately was forthcoming and through holding dances and entertainments and donations, up to the present $300 has been turned over to the central organization, and from reports it appears that the objective of $500 will be realized this year.

This has been accomplished by willing workers whose services have been given gratis. This live organization has but one idea and that is to work for the advancement of the country as a whole.

Incorporated in 1918, Clairmont lies in a beautiful valley and practically skirts beautiful Clairmont Lake, to which the land gradually slopes. The scene is at once arresting, and tourists travelling from the outside stop their cars on the height of land on the highway overlooking the valley to feast on one of the most restful and delightful scenes in this or any other country.

Clairmont is sufficient unto itself so far as providing services to the farmers in the large area contributary to the village are concerned.

With its five elevators, handling in a normal average year some 700,000 bushels of grain, it presents a real skyline. Some hundred carloads of live stock also are shipped from this point annually.

Clairmont has three general stores, hardware, two farm machine agencies, two blacksmith shops, first-class hotel, insurance agent, and gas filling stations. Briefly, Clairmont has all the services necessary to make it a very important distributing centre. A five-room school, with an able staff of teachers, is another asset.

The district is fortunate in that it was settled by a splendid class of settlers, who brought to the country thrift and integrity. As a result the country roundabout Clairmont has well-kept farms, on which are splendid homes and substantial barns.

Under the leadership of the Clairmont branch of the Monkman Pass Highway Association, village and country have united and have adopted as their slogan:

"On to The Coast via the Monkman Pass, the Shortest Route—and the sooner the better."

Why the Monkman Pass Highway

By E. V. Bergin

In this age of progress by all the various manners of invention and discovery—when time and circumstance proclaims advancements as are now our common heritage; when finance follows in the footsteps of the conquest of unwatered trappor, prospector and man of the forests and hills who has faced all the bitterness of frigid zones temperatures far below zero, and practically starved but for the vegetable and animal life that fell to his bow and arrow, knife or shotgun, or lived on the fish in the streams; when such an appendage as finance and financier were unknown; when Adam delved and Eve spun, who was then the gentleman; when the adventurer, poor in pocket and education, faced all the dangers of storm and stress of divergent climatic conditions to realize a dream of the discovery of wealth in God's open spaces as yet untrod by man; when men like Markland, Lief Ericksen and Columbus faced the mocking criticism of the world, with unbounded assurance and spiritual confidence that there were lands yet unknown to civilization lying to the west beyond the seas. It was the same urge that Mackenzie braved the tortuous voyage across the seas and through the Rockies, and the same assurance that the sourdough crossed Canada and through the Whitehorse Pass to reach the gold fields of the Yukon and Bonanza. These men knew and believed that the natural resources of our country belong to the people—but they never realized that the future owners would be the financiers of St. James and Wall Street.

We have living in our district a man whose name will rank amongst the pioneers and discoverers of wealth and commercial development that perhaps will one day centre in the greatest city on the American continent—Vancouver, B.C. Mr. Alex Monkman has lifted his life's dream that will go down in history and the Monkman Pass Highway will develop into a railroad of stupendous commercial ramifications covering this great northwestern territory, whose great wealth has scarcely been thought of, and the immense deposits of minerals of all denominations will be developed to such an extent that will astonish the world.

In this great Northwest our natural resources have scarcely been scratched, immense deposits of oil exist which a geologist declared would supply the American continent for 300 years, and we in this country know that oil wells have been drilled in the Peace River Block that have been capped and cemented over to prevent production overwhelming the market now held by the grasping financiers, who never knew what it was to sweat for a living. It is a known fact that from Peace River to Hudson's Hope and beyond vast fields have been surveyed and are now held by rich corporations under claim and lease, awaiting the most favorable opportunity for exploitation.

This Monkman Pass is the enwealth. Bituminous coal and entrance to a vast field of mineral thracite are here in abundance; gold and other minerals await the prospector. This Monkman Pass, with its resources, belongs to the people—an open gate through British Columbia to the world markets.

Western Canada has been crucified by the greed of eastern Canada. We send our productions to the East and purchase most of our requirements in the same markets. Some time ago we asked concessions for our coal production, and the answer was "We are contracting for coal from Russia and elsewhere." Surely it is time for the people of this great productive west country to waken up and demand their rights. There are thousands of Canadian citizens whose national honor and manhood have been dragged in the dust of humiliation and compelled to accept a beggarly relief dole. We want these men brought back to decency and national manhood, and surely here in our endeavour to promote the Monkman Pass Highway is such a golden and honorable opportunity.

In the past our ears have been dinned with the "forlorn hope" of a Coast Outlet; it has been the propaganda of politicians to gain votes for their party—and it is still being used for this contemptible purpose—and now the people of the Grande Prairie and Peace River country, Alberta and British Columbia, have joined hands to the end that the dream of past years and the promises of the late Sir Henry Thornton and past governments will be realized in the accomplishment of the Monkman Pass Highway, via Prince George and on to Prince Rupert and Vancouver.

And when the way has been paved by honest, humble men like Alex Monkman, financial interest will soon realize which side its bread is buttered on and open its golden heart, glowing with love of greed, to the pioneers of the Monkman Pass Highway.

SEXSMITH . . .

(Continued from Page Two)

trucks can transport the stock. Think of the market for dressed turkeys at Christmas and other seasons, if they would reach Vancouver quickly and in their prime. Last year a carlot of turkeys left Sexsmith for Edmonton, from where they were sent to the larger markets. They could easily be transported in trucks direct to the coast, through the Monkman Pass.


ELEVATORS AT SEXSMITH

Lumbering is carried on north of Sexsmith on a small scale. Native spruce, pine and birch supply local needs, but there is plenty of lumber there to make an important industry, employing many men, if markets were larger. Here again the importance of the Monkman Pass highway will be seen. With the coast outlet the Peace River country would develop and grow in every direction and at a speed beyond prediction. Lumber is necessary to such growth, and our district has it.

The famous industry at Valhalla depends on Sexsmith for shipping facilities. It is also an important grain and livestock centre and Sexsmith is its nearest town. There are several other small communities which depend on this town for their shopping needs, for besides schools, churches of every denomination, Sexsmith has two dairies, two hotels, a local hospital, electric light, two each of grocery, general, hardware, clothing, lumber yards, blacksmith shops, barber shops and restaurants, three garages and three livery stables, a drug store, bakery, furniture store, tinshop, laundry and a private airport. In sports there are tennis courts, skating rink, curling rink, sports grounds and a pool hall. And of course, a moving picture theatre and hall. How different from the beginnings of the old town on the Foster farm before 1915. Yet, how much more developed all would be if a coast outlet had been built in the first place.

Not the least of the advantages of the Monkman highway will be the tourist traffic. Not particularly those who travel just to travel, but the people who are genuinely interested in the country but who hesitate to come because of its isolated position. Business men looking for opportunities when the coast is assured will not overlook this district with its typical park land farms, its pastures and black loamed fields for diversified farming, its heavily wooded hills for lumbering, and its up-to-date and thriving centre.

To Sexsmith and district the Monkman Pass highway means the fulfilment of the hope of the dauntless men and women who first saw and loved the country that stretched before them, rich, fertile and inviting, at the end of the long, terrible trip over the trail, many of whom are still living. It will mean the cheap importation of fruits of every kind, vegetables that are prohibitive because of price, a lowering of the cost of living while greatly adding to its pleasure. Farming will take on a new meaning, become more profitable. Holidays will be possible for many that were impossible before, for a trip to Vancouver through the Monkman Pass will take neither much time nor outlay with the family car. Being 13 miles north of Grande Prairie, Sexsmith is in a direct line with the proposed route. Tourists entering from the coast will pass through the district on their way to the beautiful and historic Peace. And the last link of a transcontinental highway that would go through the Peace River country and on to the Pacific.

Thus, these pioneers set about to make this vision a reality. They worked from dawn to dark and at night they had restless dreams of a future for their sons and daughters. However, they did not work in vain. Time passed quickly as their fertile fields produced good grain, elevators sprung up and townsites grew in number and size.

What was this urge that helped the pioneers develop the Peace River area into the productive country it has become? It was that little spark of knowledge that the more developed the country became the more real would become the necessity of a coastal outlet, so that their country could be developed to capacity.

For more than twenty-five years that fire of the necessity of a coastal outlet burned steadily. At times it seemed that it would burn itself out as the decades brought about no progress toward that outlet. Then, suddenly it would be rekindled by perhaps, a false rumor suggesting the Dominion Government were taking an interest; a vague promise of a certainty of this outlet if the Peace River country shipped out 10,000,000 bushels of grain—a smooth promise of pull by some aspiring politician.

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the fulfilment of these promises; the result was that the Peace River country's biggest need was forgotten again and again.

However, the realization of the acute need of a coast outlet has ignited now. It has become a burning conviction in the minds of the Peace River people. They shall be the first to prove that the possibility can become a reality by soundly and economically backing up the idea. Even as they lumbered over the Edson Trail, so shall they wheel over the Monkman Trail and with as great a success.

It was over this former trail that the Norwegian pioneers came. They left behind them the Edson Trail that was beginning to show the marks of wagon wheels. They left behind them the Lake Saskatoon district that boasted the odd settler's cabin. They left behind them the Grande Prairie district where scattered camp-fires flickered over the expanse of prairie. They travelled miles further to the North-West where hardly a white man had startled the wild animals, where the grass was waist high and the forestry denser.

As they went along they cut a winding trail identical to the Monkman Trail, so narrow that at times it was difficult for the wagons to get through. These Norsemen forged rivers and creeks with the undaunted courage that the Vikings, their forefathers, are credited with. They travelled on . . . on . . . down a gradual slope to the centre of which was some fairly open land.

It seemed like a good camping place and as their horses feasted on the tall grass these pioneers built a camp-fire. Soon they were drinking strong, black coffee and conversing of this new promising land.

When viewing the surrounding territory they looked to the south, to the east, the north and the west and realized they were in a small valley with a gradual slope in every direction.

After some discussion these Norwegian pioneers decided this was their country; they would make it their

(Continued on Page Eight)

"MY DISTRICT"

(Continued from Page One)

Peace River Pioneers' Goal

By Martin Fimrite

The Monkman Pass Highway Project

In this district, the Valhalla Centre, Alberta, district, the project which is of the greatest importance to all of us is our coastal outlet, the Monkman Pass Highway. We have here a good farming district which has been settled for about twenty-four years, and it can truly be said that we never have had a crop failure.

The people here are mostly of Norwegian descent and it must be said that their pioneer blood that brought them here to this wilderness, more than twenty years ago, is alive again with this project.

I will have to admit that our district did not support the said Highway as much as it should have, last summer, when the trail cutting was being done, but this spring our Young People's Club, the C.C.C., put on a concert for the Monkman Pass Highway Association and practically the entire district turned out, netting a neat $50.00. I am sure our district will do much more this summer.

What the Monkman Pass Highway Will Mean To Us

It means that the first thought which struck our early pioneers, when they first came to the Peace River country, will no longer be a thought, a prayer and a question mark, but a well-paying reality. This thought, of course being the coastal outlet. Now, if we do get this outlet, which I am positively convinced we will get, it will mean a thousand and one things for our benefit, the more important of which I will go into.

We will first go into it from the farmer's standpoint. Why? Because, as we all know agriculture is what everything and anything depends entirely upon. Now as it has been, the farmer in our district as in every district in the Peace River country, has been sending his products on a long trip every fall. What I mean is this—our little kernels of wheat, oats, barley, etc.—go for a long train tour on a free ticket. Paid by whom? The C.N.R.? No, that can't be right. The Government? No! I know who it is!, it's Old John Farmer, with the patch on his overalls. You know the man I mean, every one from Fort St. John to Edmonton. Well that was a foolish thing for him to do, when he could almost take a bushel at a time and throw it over the Rocky Mountains to its destination and he, himself, could take a long trip around the world. I am sure he and his family would enjoy that more than a box car of grain would, or a stock train full of hogs or cattle, who will not quit grunting and bellering until they get a sniff of the salty Pacific.

Now the farmer didn't make any mistake, and it is not his fault that he has been going to such foolish ends, there has been no other way out. Don't you think for one fleeting second that our farmers are so dense that they don't know that the pig has been riding the rails too long. No, our farmers have been patiently waiting like the honest people they are for the road to break open as has so often promised. But after years of waiting he now sees a little opening in them thar hills, and he is showing his foot in there, so it can not close and keep him from getting through. In other words our farmers have made their minds up definitely to have at least a highway through the Monkman Pass. We feel sure the steel will follow, but if it doesn't our trucks and cars will cap the mountains with dust instead of snow. Once our agricultural produce is clearly sailing through, on this short road to the coast, the farmers in my community as well as elsewhere will have the world by the tail on a downhill pull.

It may be that I should go into figures and show you how much a farmer would save on shipping a carload of grain through the Monkman Pass, instead of the old "round the world" method, but I don't think I will, because most of us who have heard three or four political speakers of different Parties speak about the same thing know that figures are not always to be relied upon. So I ask you to do your own figuring and you will clearly see where your greenbacks have been disappearing to for twenty years or more.

We will now look at it from the business man's angle. By business men I mean retail merchants, real estate agents, etc. and the people that make up the population of our new highway towns.

I think one of the greatest things this road will mean to our merchants is the lower prices there will be on the articles which are not now sold to the extent that they should be. Why? First, because of the high price which must be asked; second because of the danger of spoiling, this pertaining mainly to fruits. Now fruit is one thing that the average person in the Peace River does not get enough of. But with the coast open we should have cheap fruit, good fruit and lots of it. Third, the oriental merchandise and foods would be more available to the buying public. In fact, a merchant could have a larger variety of stock, and customers with money to buy. As for other business men we know they will have more business, and more money in it because things will be moving ahead instead of standing still. There are a few business men we won't need though, such as mortgage collectors, tax collectors, etc.

Now there is one truck driver, he at last will have something more when he gets home at night than a backache. He will be able to turn in his old "can" once in a while and get a new one, and make a little money besides.

We now come to our big item, or at least what I believe to be the most interesting. This is our holiday through the mountains and on the sandy beaches of the Pacific. It seems that everyone in my community has the same idea as to a good holiday trip. We sit down town in the evenings, and when a few gather around, someone mentions the Monkman Pass, then some old trapper will speak up and say, "I sure would like to go out to Stony Lake, and camp for about one month, to fish and hunt in the mountains, and have a real good holiday." Others speak of driving through the Pass and seeing all the scenery, and going down to Vancouver and spending a few days in the good sea air. And so drifts on the conversation, with everyone enthusiastic about what a perfect place it would be for a rest, a ride, enjoyment and a peep at the sea. Just to think that Old John Farmer could load up the family in the old Model T Ford and hit for the sea on a Friday afternoon and be back sitting on the gang plow Monday morning, with the happy feeling that he has had a "darn good holiday." Then there's the young fellow who would go and get his girl at midnight, and elope over the scenic trail in the moonlight, wait a couple of hours until some Vancouver parson was out of bed, to tie the slippery knot!

But to sum it all up this is what the Monkman Pass Highway would mean to us:

Prosperity to Peace River, and a smooth and easy trail for the Old Pioneers of the Great Northwest, and even if they die penniless they have left the greatest thing they could to their children. So we will not only BOOST for it but we will SEE IT THROUGH.

If we never admit we're defeated
And always make good what we say
The Monkman Pass Highway completed,
Makes the end of our Perfect Day.

Valhalla District And Monkman Pass Highway

By Olive M. Fimrite

More than a quarter of a century ago the first settlers came over the Edson Trail and for miles and miles ahead of them stretched the luxuriantly vegitated lands of the Peace River country. Looking at the dense forestry, the untamed rolling countryside, those first settlers had a vision of what the Peace River country could be not so far into the future. In their imaginary minds they saw: trails made into roads, unbroken waste transformed into fields yielding abundantly in wheat and oats, wagon transportation replaced by train service, wild expanse gone forever and in its place a countryside dotted with prosperous hamlets, villages and towns.

With imaginative eyes, these early settlers saw the Peace River district as it was to be years later. It was then, they realized that this country they were making their heritage would never come into its own until they also had a coastal outlet. Until they laid

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PAT SQUIRES, Alberta Pacific
CECIL NEILL, Grande Prairie Grain Co.

By J. K. Smith

SPIRIT RIVER is a thriving little town situated on a north slope overlooking a large fertile valley stretching north sixteen miles to the banks of the mighty Peace River. It is 1,746 feet above sea level. It lies in the Chinook belt, where seeding and harvest are generally earlier than any other part of the Peace River country. Built at the end of the steel of the N.A.R. on the direct route to the Pacific Coast, being only 60 miles from the B. C. boundary, it has had a roadway cut and ready for the steel since 1915.

The valley was the camping ground of many oldtimers during the Klondike rush in '98 and there are still some parts of the old pack trail in existence. The town now has a population of 250. It has a fine tenbed community hospital, two doctors, three churches, a public and high school, a branch of the Royal Bank, four general stores, two butcher shops, two up-to-date garages, all machine companies represented, and everything else which goes to make up a real town. This spring six new homes were built and more are needed, as there is not a house to rent in town. There are three different fraternal organizations and a large Masonic Hall with an up-to-date picture show which supplies the entertainment for the community each week.

Five grain elevators take care of the grain from the large farming district. Also 1 500,000 bushels of high-grade wheat are shipped annually, but with the rapidly developing area west of Spirit River this production will soon be doubled.

This town lies a few miles from the government highway, but the municipality, with their up-to-date equipment, keeps the local roads in good shape. Both the village and the municipality are clear of debt, the village supplying electric light from their own plant.

Do WE Need the Monkman Pass Highway Outlet?

This is just ONE of the many thriving little towns in the great Peace River country,—that little empire within itself which is so cut off from the rest of Canada,—which has been living on promises for the past thirty years. Now the old-time spirit of cooperation has awakened to demand their rights, that true spirit of determination as shown in the volunteer work done and the money subscribed to this good cause. We realize that a highway outlet to the Pacific through the Monkman Pass will give us not only a direct route to tidewater with our products and consequent better prices but will bring the greatest tourist traffic ever known in the West, as well as the much needed fruits from the valleys of British Columbia to our tables, at a price within our means.

There is a fair government highway between Spirit River and Grande Prairie, but as a relic to travellers and sightseers, to the north there are some six miles of the old trail still in use,—the same trail that was blozed by Alex. Monkman in 1897. Probably something of the real North being preserved for part of a nationalt park! But the years have only added to Mr. Monkman's trail-blazing ability and now we follow with confidence his last and most important trail through the barrier of the Rocky Mountains.

Let our motto be: On to the Coast! Eyes to the West—and the East can take care of itself.

Valhalla District.

(Continued from page Seven)

home and for better or worse, it would always be their abode.

And they named it "Valhalla," which is defined in Norwegian mythology as "The home of the Gods," and these Norwegians translated it as "a home fit for the Gods," and indeed it is.

Thus these Norsemen, in the same manner as the Vikings of old gained a reputation by mastering the sea, set about to master the land.

They conquered that wild, unruly country and as concrete proof, Valhalla is a district of well-tilled fields, prosperous looking farms, as well as the home of the first Co-operative Creamery north of Edmonton.

This creamery was built in 1920 and is the only creamery in the Peace River district that has been in operation for eighteen consecutive years. Naturally the success of this creamery has been a big issue in the success of the Valhalla district and surrounding districts as well.

In fact, one man coming in to the Peace River country from eastern Canada several years ago, remarked there were two things he had heard associated with the Peace River district — one, Herman Trelle, the wheat king; the other, the Valhalla Co-operative Creamery.

Approximately a quarter of a million bushels of grain goes out of the Valhalla district when the season is favorable, most of which is oats. The preference for oats rather than wheat or barley is due possibly to the fact that the Valhalla farmer goes in for mixed farming which includes dairying and hog raising particularly. Oats are grown to an advantage in this respect.

Thus the Valhalla district as every other district in the Peace River country is looking forward to the time when the resounding echoes of a hammer pounding the golden spike proclaims the completion of the Monkman Pass Highway. This will mean that Peace River exports can be put on the market at the Pacific coast. Not to mention the advantage of being able to import cheaply, fruits and other goods too numerous to mention, that are considered a luxury now.

Therefore the people of the Valhalla district will go hand in hand with the other peoples of the Peace River country, as trail-blazers for the Monkman Pass Highway. Perhaps their efforts may result in a few callouses on their hands, time and destiny may knit furrows on their brows; but, as in the old Norse fables it was only the wounded who were brought home in glory and so shall they, back to "Valhalla."

Thus, we of the Valhalla district, as of every district in this Peace River area know of the necessity of the Monkman Pass Highway. We know, because we are faced with the dire necessity of an outlet in everyday life. It has proved itself. We accept the Monkman Pass Highway because it is the most feasible of all the outlets proposed.

However, we also realize it is not the narrow-minded question of what it would mean to us individually; or to our district in particular. It is rather the broadminded question of what this Monkman Pass Highway would mean

—to the Peace River district;
—to Alberta;
—to Canada, as a whole.

We know we are trying to do away with this last great West by linking it to the West beyond this West. In this we are reminded that success is the child of hard labor and comes to those who work hard and well and know for what they are working.

We pray that neither selfishness nor greed will in anyway delay the building of a highway that will be so beneficial, not only to the residents of the Peace River district, but to the world beyond as well.

And so, "God of all nations," we beseech Thee to bring that day nearer, when every barrier shall be broken down, when no man shall work for his own selfish good; when no district shall consider what it will bring to that district only. But all, in equal manhood, shall strive for thee, the Monkman Pass Highway and what it will mean to the Peace River country.

Teepee Creek

By Mrs. Marie Hartnell

What does the Monkman Pass mean to us? Everything! It would mean more settlers, the opening up of good, fertile farm land, and of course bring us so much closer to that land of fruit and market for our produce.

Having a homestead just three miles from the B. C. boundary, four or five miles from our nearest neighbors, it was a very rare thing to see a car, only when you had visitors.

The highway opens an opportunity for the younger people that were born and raised in Peace River and Alberta in general to see how fruit looks on trees, and perhaps help gather some.

There is a grand opening for summer resorts, lumber camps, and just about the best transport and trucking advantages one could wish for. Mining, of course, is another opening. There is rumor of plenty of gold in those hills.

For the sportsman and sportswoman fishing and the very best of hunting, both summer and winter, and only a few miles from your house and ours.

The Coast Outlet is just about all the Peace River lacks for a perfect place to live. The only way to get that is the way you are doing now. Build it ourselves and it will be done.

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